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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 867. SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1923. TWOPENCE.

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by A. G. Gardiner

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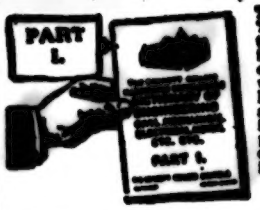

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Vol. XXIV. No. 619
Week ending Saturday,
Aug. 11, 1923. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

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For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

America's Loss.

Our sympathies go out to America in her loss of President Harding—a good man who has seen his country through troublesome times, and a firm friend of Great Britain.

Our Best Brain.

It is a pity the Premier cannot arrange to enlist the services of Lord Birkenhead. There is no denying F. E.'s brilliance, and brilliant men are what the country needs in these days of crises.

The Real Rulers.

Because the Bank Rate has risen from 3 to 4 per cent. the taxpayer will have to find another £6,000,000 to pay for Treasury borrowings. Time a check was put on financiers who hold the nation to ransom at will.

Still Plotting?

There is a lot of activity afoot at Doorn where lives the ex-Kaiser, and "Little Willie" is very much in evidence. We hope the Allies are keeping a sharp eye on this nest of arch plotters.

Sack the Lot.

Seven Government departments employ publicity agents. What on earth for? To try to persuade the electors that everything in the garden is lovely?

A Riddle.

If, as the Government say, Palestine is "tranquil," what is the use of a British garrison that costs a million and a half a year? Perhaps Sir Herbert Samuel knows the answer?

Dirty Work.

When confidential documents are supplied to newspapers as part of the Admiralty's propaganda for control of the Air Force, it is time Parliament took the matter in hand. Such methods are, to say the least, shady.

The Wrong Spirit.

Professor Holland Rose says the next twenty years are going to be a more difficult time than the twenty that followed Waterloo. Well, well! There's nothing like being gloomy about things!

Why Indeed?

After 1926, Germany is to pay the costs of the American Army of Occupation before any other payments are made. Can anyone explain why America always gets paid and Britain always gets left?

Secrecy.

The Labour Party is severe on Secret Diplomacy, but why all the secrecy about the way in which the return of the expelled members was arranged? Would it not have been more honest to publish the undertaking given to the Premier by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald?

They Don't Deserve It.

Parliament is now on holiday—and the pressing problems of housing and unemployment remain unsolved. It must be nice to be an M.P.!

Disgraceful.

There are 38,000 disabled ex-Service men unable to get any employment. If the country honoured its bond they would not have to look for any.

A Timely Warning.

Colonel Grant Morden voiced the feeling of the whole country when he criticised the Government unemployment scheme. It provides work for only 300,000 and will leave 1,100,000 out of work. This is not good enough.

Cause and Effect.

Twenty per cent. of our houses are dangerously insanitary—and 100,000 babies die each year. We will allow the Ministry of Health to draw their own conclusions.

No More Massacres.

It is estimated that 10,000,000 is an understatement of the number of men disabled in the world through the war. It is enough to make even the Armament Ring pause.

A Costly Peace.

Even now the cost of current war services is £2 18s. 5d. per head of the population. Seems a pretty steep figure to have to pay for the delicious "fruits of victory."

It's Up to Him.

The Chairman of Threlfall's Brewery says the price of beer is still too high. Well, he's got a simple remedy—reduce the price.

Who's to Know?

Lady Astor's Bill to prevent the sale of liquor to persons under eighteen is now law. But if they buy a biscuit they can have the drink. What a farce!

Naturally!

The U.S. Government object to the publication of their proposals as to the right of search beyond the three-mile limit. As this "right" doesn't exist, we're not surprised.

An International Disgrace.

Surely it is time the Government protested vigorously at the scandalous way British subjects are treated on Ellis Island? This home of impossible bureaucracy needs drastic attention.

Give Them Justice.

Mr. Frank Hodges has warned the Government of the consequences of their policy of "sublime indifference" towards the miners. It is high time this industry was put on a sound basis. Unless something is done a strike is inevitable.

The Child Slaves.

We have little reason to call ourselves a civilised country so long as 50,000 boys under sixteen are employed in the mines. Why doesn't the Labour Party tackle this problem?

We Hope So.

The Chief Inspector of Factories adds his voice to those prophesying a speedy trade revival. With all this optimism abroad there must be something behind it.

Without Delay.

For the first time since 1921 railway companies can legally be called upon to justify their fares. Will someone kindly do it?

A Return to Sanity.

There is to be no railway stoppage. As negotiations have always to take place sooner or later it is common-sense to try them first instead of after a useless strike.

Government Sweaters.

Surely the telephone service is bad enough without understaffing and overwork to make it worse? The girls have a legitimate grievance that demands immediate investigation.

Perhaps!

The Government is to consider the possibility of restoring the penny post—next year. How they hate giving us back pre-war facilities!

Queer Business Methods.

Traders find it cheaper to post samples to Berlin and have them sent back to this country than post them direct! The joke is the P.O. calls itself a *trading* department!

Forgotten?

Languishing in German jails are British men and women committed on obviously trumped up espionage charges during the war. Is it nobody's business to see that their cases are reopened?

A Scandal.

The trick of the wily Hun writing to offer information about still living prisoners of war to their relatives in this country is still being worked. Is it not time the authorities stopped it?

The Public Philanthropists.

There is going to be an investigation of the contracts made by the Disposals Board. If it is honestly carried out there'll be some interesting revelations.

Poor Taxpayers!

There are now 2,820 persons employed at the War Office as compared with 1,580 pre-war. Merely another instalment in the long tale of wasteful officialdom.

How it's Done.

Because there is a surplus of petrol—and because the price has therefore dropped—a large number of refineries are to be closed for a time. It's a great game—for the Oil Ring.

Dangerous Nonsense.

The present milk grading orders are unpractical and farcical. There is no justification for having seven grades. There should be two—fit to drink and unfit.

An Obnoxious Clause.

The proposal to give the police power to raid any house and seize any book or picture they deem to be indecent is an amazing piece of impudence. Is an Englishman's house no longer his castle?

The Next War.

Evidently they think in Whitehall that the next war is going to be an old man's war. At least they are carefully card indexing all males up to 70 who were registered during the war to end war

British Boys' Success.

Lt.-Col. Edwin of the Salvation Army recently took to Canada a party of boys for farm work. Out of 300 only one proved a failure—all the others are now holding responsible posts on the prairies. If the Government can't make a success of their own emigration scheme they might as well hand it over to the gallant colonel to manage.

Faded Glory.

When they picked up the body of John William Dunn, an ex-colour-sergeant of the Royal Marines, who in despair threw himself from Maidstone Road Bridge at Chatham, they found in one of his pockets a pawn ticket for his eight medals. So fade the glories of war, and to such straits are Britain's heroes reduced in the piping days of peace! Is it not pitiable?

Ham or Pig?

For cruel callousness, Miss Louise Ham, of Cardiff, takes the palm. After a number of men had risked their lives in rescuing her off Wallasey foreshore, she refused to attend the inquest on Wm. Oliphant, who was drowned in the attempt. She preferred to go off home to Cardiff instead. It would have been better if Oliphant, who had only been married six weeks, had gone off home when Miss Ham was in the water.

The Human Side.

Mr. J. B. Matthews, K.C., the Recorder for Dudley, had to do his duty in sentencing an ex-sergeant who had previously borne a good character to six months' imprisonment. Later in the day, when he saw the man standing between warders at the railway station on his way to prison he walked up and handed him a £5 note. We need not ask why he did it. The action proclaims him a just judge with a generous heart.

A Heartless Hypocrite.

Mr. Justice Horridge, shocked by the heartless hypocrisy of Albert Pemberton, the Leicester leather factor, by a substantial amount increased the agreed damages in the divorce case in which the hypocrite was co-respondent. And quite right too. Under the cloak of religion Pemberton conducted a mission at Melton Mowbray. At the same time he was a love-thief, destroying the happiness of a neighbour with whose wife he was carrying on. He deserves to pay.

A Brute's Deserts.

Not content with working a poor 20-year-old worn-out horse, Ernest Roads, a Hoxton dairyman, took too much to drink, and thrashed the animal so unmercifully that it raised a gallop out of its poor old limbs, got out of control, and collided with a tramcar. A policeman found the poor animal, exhausted and bleeding from the mouth. Roads got his deserts at the hands of the West London Magistrate, who sent him to prison for two months with hard labour. We hope it will make a better man of him.

Two Warrington Rascals.

A 22-year-old Warrington girl has had a lesson she will probably not soon forget. She was tempted into a public-house by Bertie Moye, of Heath Lane, and Thomas Kimblin, 9, Stamford Street, and was given beer until she became hopelessly drunk. When found she was only a few yards from the edge of the River Mersey, and it was alleged that both men had assaulted her. They are now in jail, but it is sad to think that in three short months such rascals will have their freedom.

"Good Hope" Frighteners.

The latest dodge of the "Good Hope Manufacturing Company," of Montreal, Canada, whose ramp we have repeatedly exposed, is to send their dupes a "frightener" from one "R. D. Matheson, Advocate, Barrister, etc., 37, Notre Dame Street East, Montreal," demanding eight shillings and four shillings "the cost of this letter," with a threat of legal proceedings to enforce payment. This threat should, of course, be ignored. We should like nothing better than to see these Canadian hot-air merchants attempt to enforce their demands in an English court.

Ducal Forgiveness.

Recently the Duke of Atholl, whilst out motoring, was nearly run into by the Dundee charabanc Robert Boreland was driving on the wrong side of the road near Guay. His Grace asked the police to speak a word of warning to the man, but they summoned him, and Boreland was fined £3. Not having wanted a prosecution the Duke paid the fine. Now dukes are first favourites in Dundee.

Dog-collared Crooks.

Many respectable Lancashire localities are being visited by canting humbugs who dole out tracts and collect subscriptions for "a great" but unnamed "Christian" movement.- To add emphasis to their audacious fairy stories some of the rascals have the impudence to wear clerical dog-collars. The whole business is a swindle, and when the police get bracelets on the wrists of the "Christian workers" an amazing story of colossal earnings by fraud will be told.

A Lure for the Lonely.

We must again warn our readers against an individual calling himself Clare, who runs a "Universal Correspondence Club" at 16, Cambridge Street, London, S.W. Advertising "Why be lonely when you can make happy friendships at home or abroad," he induces people to send him fees for introductions. Apart from the moral dangers attending such methods, it appears that after the fees have been paid the introductions are strangely liable to get lost in the post, and the lonely ones cannot even obtain the consolation of a reply from Clare.

Out With Their Names!

Who are the two Flintshire doctors who soiled the record for humanity of their great professions when they refused to attend a dying ex-soldier for the reason that he was not on their panel list! "The only refreshing feature of the case," says Dr. Humphry Williams, "is that the two doctors were willing to carry out their obligations to their panel patients. They took the trouble to find out if the man was on their panel!" And because his name was not there he died—a hero neglected by men whose identity must be revealed.

The Brutes' Parade.

Benjamin Green, a Coddington publican, stabbed a cat repeatedly with a hay fork and pinned it to the ground, while Harry Southern, a Newark boilermaker, slew it with a spade. The Newark Magistrates fined the brutes £5 and £3 respectively. Henry Smale, a Plymouth baker, killed his dog by stabbing it with a long sheath knife, the animal's howls being heard by neighbours for five minutes. The local bench fined this brute £2. How much longer is this scandal of inadequate sentences for atrocious cruelty to continue?

More Stipendiaries Wanted.

It is noticeable that when cases of cruelty are dealt with by stipendiary Magistrates the brutes more often get their deserts. At Mountain Ash, Thomas Jones, a collier, who had seized a whippet by the collar and dashed it repeatedly against the pavement, was sent to prison for a month with hard labour, the stipendiary, Mr. R. A. Griffith, declaring that a fine would be a sheer absurdity, and expressing the opinion that magistrates all over the country ought to deal in a practical and effective way with such case. What is wanted is more stipendiaries.

BETTER BE SAFE THAN SORRY.

Don't forget that when you go away on your holidays JOHN BULL still covers you against accidents and sickness, as well as material damage to luggage to the value of £20. You can receive the benefits whether you stay at an hotel, boarding house or apartments. Registered readers applying for benefits will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away. Don't forget your JOHN BULL on your holidays!

Fortune-telling Fakers.

Fortune-telling humbugs are dangerous seaside pests, and the harm they do and the unhappiness they cause with their fictions is incalculable. Leonard Mayland, "a thorough danger to the community," according to the Chief Constable, was up at Scarborough, and escaped with a £5 fine. So long as easy money is made and magistrates are lenient the game will go on.

Prison for a Hog.

During the next few weeks John Woodhead, the Beldon road contractor, will not be out with his motor-car, the rule at Bradford being that drunken motorists must go to prison. John missed death when he drove into a wall whilst drunk, but the police got him, and now he is serving a month in the second division. His fate should be a lesson to a few other hog motorists.

The Dirty Draper.

Such betrayers of women as Henry Marshall, the Pateley Bridge draper, deserve to be denied a place on earth. He won the love of a Sister at a Harrogate Home, seduced her, and at the last moment declined to wed her. Marshall may not have received the thrashing he richly deserves, but he must cash up that £500 the Lord Chief Justice has awarded to the betrayed heart-broken mother of his child.

The Charity Concert Swindle.

Last week nearly a thousand people bought tickets which were being hawked from door to door for a charity concert at Bournemouth Winter Gardens in aid of destitute cabmen, only to discover that no such function had been arranged. If the audacious culprit is not W. Martin Gill, the incorrigible rogue whose benefit concert swindle we have so often exposed, he is an apt pupil of his, and we would advise the police of other seaside resorts to keep their eyes open.

Ministries of Muddle.

On August 4, the never-to-be-forgotten anniversary of the outbreak of war, Thomas Myrol, of Whitley Bay, ceased to draw his pittance of seven-and-sixpence from the Ministry of Pensions, who declare his disability has disappeared. At the same time the Ministry of Labour have notified him that he can no longer be allowed to draw unemployment pay as he is not in a fit state of health to work. While these muddled Ministries squabble over his condition the poor fellow is starving!

Defrauder of Women.

An actor by description and a common swindler by occupation, Henry Halle, of Leeds, not unknown in Scotland, has reached the prison cell for which he has long been qualifying. His frauds on women have been many and cruel. Not only did he get their money on a proposal to start lingerie businesses with German-made goods, but he also caused them to give up their situations. One of his victims has died. The police have been on Halle's track for years, and although a two years' sentence is stiff punishment, he deserves it.

Reopening Old Wounds.

Answering the door recently, a Falkirk woman received a shock on being asked abruptly whether her son was in. The lad was killed on the Somme in July, 1916, and a claim in respect of his death was paid shortly afterwards by the British Legal and United Provident Assurance Society, whose representative the caller turned out to be. Presumably it is desired to ascertain whether men reported killed have turned up again. If so, it is a cowardly practice, and should be stopped.

Three Little Cinderellas.

An enigma indeed is the motherhood love of Annie Kennedy, of Victoria Street, Widnes. All that a mother need be she was to the children born of her second marriage, but to the three poor fatherless children of her first she and her second husband were callously cruel. The little ones' emanciated condition was a result of their life in the filthy little back room of their Jekyll and Hyde home. A month in jail may teach Annie and her husband a lesson they appear to need.

Wanted—a Magnet!

In a recent murder trial the police stated that for ten days twenty men searched for a weapon in a very small area and failed to find one. A few days later a little boy found a razor in the long grass! A little child shall lead them! What about a new method of searching for the police?

Creating Criminals.

Though the Chief Inspector of Police stated that each had been out of work for a considerable time and had not been in trouble before, three sixteen-year-old youths were sentenced by two lay magistrates at Birkenhead Police Court to a month's hard labour for fowl-stealing. Such severe sentences simply manufacture criminals.

How to Handle Huns.

Mr. J. A. R. Cairns, of the Thames Police Court, is certainly a very human magistrate. An American seaman complained that he was unable to get his pay from the captain of a German ship. Mr. Cairns suggested that he should ransack the captain's quarters and take anything of value in place of his wages. The sequel is not recorded yet, but we sincerely hope that he gets his dues.

No Mercy for Percy.

There are no tender spots for animal torturers in the hearts of the Greenwich magistrates. Regarding himself as one of the "Lords of Creation," Percy Knowles, of Glenforth Street, East Greenwich, thought he had the right to kick a cat which had offended his majestic self. The Greenwich Bench taught him otherwise by sending him to prison for a month. Magistrates who travesty justice by fining brutes who ill-treat animals, please note.

Telegraphic Tomfoolery.

On July 20 at 6.40 p.m., five telegrams ordering part of a ship's crew aboard to sail at 8 a.m. the following day were handed in at Hartlepool. Two addressed to Sunderland and Seaham Harbour were sent to Newcastle, reaching there at 6.52 p.m., but instead of being wired on they were delivered by post at 9 a.m. the next day. In consequence of this unwarrantable delay three British married seamen lost the voyage and eight days' pay. But of course they have no remedy against "Worthy" Evans.

Hard-hearted Charity.

A poor weak soul, tottering towards the grave, is at 82 to be turned from the house in which she hoped to live out her brief span of life, and has been deprived of the little money which enabled her to secure the necessaries of life, because the trustees of the William Jones charity, at Chester, have a harsh rule forbidding any recipient to be twice drunk. Against their will the magistrates were compelled to make the ejectment order, but Alderman Hewill, the chairman, did not hesitate to describe the action of the trustees as heartless.

Fees First.

Readers who are attracted by advertisements appearing over the name of Knight and Crowther, 22, George Street, Croydon, asking for seaside accommodation and offering exceptionally generous terms may save themselves considerable time and trouble if they take it from us that the firm's invariable reply to boarding-house keepers and others is a demand for a fee for registration in their books. Why fees should be demanded before any sort of service has been rendered is a question that Knight and Crowther might like to answer.

A Warning to "Bullets" Prize Winners.

Successful "Bullets" competitors should beware of cadgers and crooks. Mr. W. P. Williams, of Anglesey, the winner of the £1,000 Prize in Competition No. 489, in sending us a welcome donation of £5 for our "Greatest of Them——" Fund, mentions that not only has he been inundated with begging letters, but he received a visit from an individual in a hired motor-car, who said he was JOHN BULL's chief representative for Wales and endeavoured to work a confidence trick. The rogue made off as soon as Mr. Williams threatened to call the police. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Motor Maniacs.

Travelling through Crewe, motor cyclists to whom pace means more than their own safety or that of others, have been castigated by Coroner Yates. "They flash past at excessive speeds," he said, "and when spoken to they only laugh." The heavy increase in motor fatalities justifies the coroner's suggestion that drastic measures should be taken to reduce top-speed riding.

"Gone Away—no Address."

David T. Jolley, who some time ago opened a dental surgery at Coalville, Leicestershire, tells us that the accusation made by a reader was not justified. After hearing the dentist's explanation, we are satisfied that the complaint was unfounded.

The Queen's Question.

Our repeated protests against the prohibitive charges for dock work at Portsmouth and the consequent local unemployment has been noted in very high quarters. At the recent Royal garden party, H.M. the Queen made special enquiries from the local M.P. on this matter and expressed deep sympathy with the inhabitants. Will the Admiralty solve the problem by making it possible for repair work to be done in the yards?

Treat 'em Rough.

Mrs. A. Evans, of Aberystwyth, knows how to handle incompetent town councillors. She had donated a drinking fountain to Llandovery, which the town council allowed to get in a terrible condition, so she wrote and told the council that her only regret is that she "disobeyed the Lord's command not to cast pearls before swine." Whereupon the council decided to do the necessary to the fountain.

COUNTERING FEAR

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

CONINGSBY DAWSON in his novel "The Vanishing Point" makes one of his characters ask another how to escape the domination of fear.

The answer is: "By doing things, instead of thinking about the things that can be done to me. I've learned that what we fear never happens; fear is a waste of time. Fear is imagination playing tricks by pouncing out of cupboards. It is the idiot of the intellect, gibbering in the attic after nightfall. It is a coward spreading cowardice with false alarms. It is a liar and a libeller; life is a thousand times kinder than fear would have us paint it."

This is an energising declaration and as true as we choose to make it. Life always renders this verdict to those who meet its challenges with a stout heart.

To say that what we fear never happens may not be literally correct. What we fear does sometimes happen, but when this is so we generally realise that we need not have feared it.

A misfortune is seldom as bad in retrospect as in prospect; whether it shall be better or worse largely depends upon ourselves. What would utterly crush one man, and render him useless to himself and everybody else, only serves to stimulate another to higher exertion.

The difference between a positive and a negative attitude to life is the measure of our worth to the world. It is better to act than merely to be acted upon.

As attack is often the best mode of defence, so the best cure for a threatening evil usually consists in putting forth our strength against it instead of waiting for it to overwhelm us.

Any menace is the less to be feared in proportion as it is boldly faced.

Life is like a mettlesome horse. Handle it firmly and it will carry you whither you will. Touch it timidly and it will throw you in the dust.

Prison Preferred.

Given three months' imprisonment for absconding from Keighley Workhouse with union clothing, Thomas Harrington, a labourer, expressed his thanks. The sentence was a harsh one, but he preferred prison to the workhouse. That opinion is one other poor people have expressed. How is it that Bumbledom is so unpopular? An inquiry into the matter is long overdue.

Roadway of Death.

Mr. S. Brighouse, the St. Helens coroner, stated at an inquest that the roadway at Huyton had been in a disgraceful condition for two years. If, he added, the authorities responsible did not have it repaired at once he would see that they were indicted before the court and made to do it. That's the stuff to give them. Local councils are far too independent and callous of human life.

Slaves of the Land.

One reason why the cry of "Back to the land!" is coldly received may be found in a letter from a Somerset farmer, who in reply to a farm worker's advertisement, offers a situation as dairy hand. If the applicant is a thorough good milker, an early riser, and quick and clean, he will give him five shillings a week, living in. Five shillings a week for working from dawn till dark, seven days a week! What is this but slavery?

Swindling the Slot.

Now that the gas companies grant to landlords the right to sub-let meters, the poor tenants are being bled in a fresh place. The landlord having installed "slot" meters for the tenants, and of which he has the key, takes good care that the fall in the price of gas is never enjoyed by the tenant. In several Holloway houses the price the tenant pays the landlord, via the meter, is about 50 per cent. above the gas companies charge.

Borstal or Death.

Surely it is not without significance that a fifteen-year-old lad named Burgess risked mutilation and death by jumping from a train travelling at fifty miles an hour to escape entering the Borstal Institution at Portland. He was found drenched with blood with a bad gash in his head and side and both hands badly sprained. An institution which inspires such desperate terror in those condemned to it must be badly in need of reform.

An Oil Absurdity.

Innumerable readers have asked our opinion of the oil-plot scheme inaugurated by the Cambrian Trust, of 29, Regent Street, London. We exhibited this venture in its true colours some weeks ago. Many enquirers cannot understand why the Trust's circulars have been addressed to them. It is because the organisers of the Golden Ballot have sold the list of their subscribers and the Cambrian Trust has acquired it. The Cambrian absurdity should be left severely alone.

"Handsome Archie."

Wanting a wife, Mr. W. A. Archibald Turner, a "considered handsome" ex-Service man living at Bourne End asked the Maidenhead Guardians to find him one. When they declined the responsibility, he told the Press of his difficulty in finding the right sort of girl. "To please me the girl must first please my mother," he declared, while mother sang the praises of her darling Archie. We don't know any girl who would want such a man for a husband, but we know many who would say "Archibald, certainly not!"

Graham and Co.'s Grandeur.

Many readers having made inquiries regarding Graham and Co., Estate Agents, 5, High Holborn, London, W.C., who advertise unfurnished houses and flats to let and ask applicants to send 10s. for enrolment on a "Register," we paid the firm a visit. Instead of the sumptuous premises and busy staff which the legend "Telephone: Chancery 8390, 3 lines," would lead anyone to expect, we found a sparsely furnished back room occupied by a sleepy youth who could give us no information except that "the Register was closed," whatever that might mean. A strange contrast to Graham and Co.'s grandiloquent circulars.

Mysterious Mr. Randall

THERE are in this country, no doubt, a large number of patriotic-minded and public-spirited citizens who would regard it as a privilege and duty to give what help they could to practical schemes for improving British trade abroad.

We propose to tell them of one scheme which embraces this object and which, in our opinion, they would be well advised to have nothing whatsoever to do with. It is put forward by a gentleman called S. Randall.

This Mr Randall invites people of broad interest in the welfare of this dear country of ours to join in the movement and give it their sympathy and help.

The way in which sympathy and help can be most conveniently given from the point of Mr. Randall is by sending a cheque, which should be made payable to the "Corporation of British Manufacturers."

The Corporation of British Manufacturers is a high-sounding title which may cover a multitude of enterprises or may be merely synonymous with the enterprise of Mr. Randall himself. That, however, is a minor matter. The important thing about this impressive corporation is that enquiries show that it is not recorded at the Registry of Business Names.

What adds a further element of interest to this grandiose proposal is the fact that letters concerning it, and signed by Mr. Randall, were sent out on the note-paper of the Hotel Cecil, London. The Hotel Cecil, however, which is one of the most famous hostelries in Europe, has nothing whatsoever to do with the Corporation of British Manufacturers. Neither does it know anything about Mr. S. Randall, except that he sought some days ago to book a room there, but his application was refused.

Randall seems to have consoled himself by making use of the hotel note-paper, a procedure which has elicited an indignant protest from the hotel, the management of which publicly disclaims all responsibility for these letters, and wishes it to be clearly understood that Mr. Randall is not staying at the hotel, and has no right whatever to use its note-paper.

This is an unfortunate beginning for a movement which Mr. Randall says is backed by well-known gentlemen of title and honour and public spirit. And we would respectfully suggest to them that the Corporation of British Manufacturers would be on a better basis if it got its own note-paper before it started on the rather more ambitious scheme of saving the trade of the Empire.

And, even if this new note-paper were obtained, we should still be of the opinion that a movement which has made so infelicitous a start might well be left to those who know more of Mr. Randall than the obviously flabergasted officials at the Hotel Cecil.

Chinese Magician and Mill Girl

CHING WU "the World's Greatest Chinese Magician," can do many things. He can produce rabbits from top-hats—but he cannot produce enough money to pay what he owes to a British girl who prefers his room to his company and wants to go home. We strongly advise him to try.

IN the little town of Leigh, in Lancashire, there is a broken-hearted mother who cannot sleep at night for thinking of her little daughter whom she wants to bring home, and who wants to come home to her, but whom she cannot get back from the travelling theatrical company with which the child is working.

"I am too poor to do anything," she pathetically declares, "but my daughter's honour is more to me than all the money in the world. I do so wish I could get someone to help me to get her home."

We have very little doubt that Mrs. Mary E. Melvin, of 19, Duckinfield Street, Leigh, the woman in question, will get her daughter back. The publicity we now propose to give to this matter is, we believe, the best guarantee of that.

Little Jeanie Melvin, the daughter of this widowed mother, is only seventeen years of age. When she was at home she worked in a Lancashire mill, and brought home her earnings like a good girl to help the family. Self-sacrifice is one of the earliest lessons of the poor.

Jean is also a good-looking girl, which is the part of the cause of her present trouble. She came in contact with a person who calls himself Ching Wu, and describes himself as the "World's Greatest Chinese Magician."

Ching Wu employed her and gave her a part in the show with which, when he can get an engagement, he demonstrates his magical powers. These magical powers, however, are apparently not sufficient to get him regular engagements. And, when his bookings break down, he eases the pressure on himself by the simple expedient of not paying Jean.

According to his contract with her he was to pay her one pound two shillings and sixpence a week, and some of this money was to be sent home every week to the poor mother. For months now Mrs. Melvin has had no money from Ching Wu. Her little daughter writes to say that Ching Wu is always promising her money but at this point his magic breaks down and the money is not forthcoming.

Jean wants to get home from far-off Scotland where they have been touring, when they could get work, and waiting for better times to turn up. In spite of the appeals of the grief-stricken and anxious mother, and of the homesick child, Jeannie still remains in Scotland.

Mrs. Wu is constantly writing to Mrs. Melvin to say that they will send some money on, but it does not come. Neither does little Jean return home. But she constantly writes to her mother saying that she wants to come home, she wants to work in the mill again, where she was so happy, and she wants her mother to insist that she should come home.

The distracted mother writes and insists, but she does not get her daughter back. She gets letters from Mrs. Wu, deploring the hard times that have fallen upon the show of the "World's Greatest Chinese Magician." Ching Wu can do many wonderful things. He finds it comparatively easy to bring rabbits out of a tall hat. But it is apparently a still harder thing to induce the ghost to walk.

It is only fair to state that Jean does not want for food or clothes. And, sometimes, when she is not minding a baby belonging to one of the company, she gets a trip to the local movie theatre where she finds temporary relief from the pressing thoughts of home and her silent suffering.

But, in drifting from town to town with a magical show which cannot get regular engagements—a show which Mrs. Wu herself admits has lately passed through troublesome times, and which will not do much better until the dark nights come along again—Jean is exposed to the perils which have engulfed much older and much more experienced artistes than this fatherless mill-girl from Lancashire.

Jean cannot take the law into her own hands and run away from the Chinese show, as she has no money to pay her fare to Leigh, which is hundreds of miles away.

So she carries on bravely, accepting things as they come, hoping against hope that the little company will one day get an engagement at some Lancashire theatre, or in a town somewhere near that county, so that she can return to her friends at the mill, and to her mother's care.

Mrs. Melvin is too poor to send her daughter's fare, and has even been forced to pawn some of her home to keep the family going.

She treasures all the letters that come from her little girl, with their pathetic confessions of unhappiness and silent weeping, with her messages of love and affection, and her anxious longings for home. But to all her entreaties the poor mother gets nothing but vague promises from Mrs. Wu.

It is a scandal that Mrs. Melvin should be unable to get her daughter back. And we tell Mr. Ching Wu, the World's Greatest Chinese Magician, that East is East, and West is West, and this sort of thing will not be tolerated here.

We tell him, further, to send this little girl back to her mother. We tell him this in his own interest as well as in hers. And we add only one further injunction.

Do it now!

A Wily Insurance Dodge

AN ingenious way of getting work done for nothing—or next to nothing—has been discovered by a Superintendent of the General Life Assurance Company. A natural modesty under the circumstances, however, prompts the Superintendent to hide his identity when advertising for the talent required.

Behind the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Daily Express*, there is quite an attractive little scheme—for the Superintendent:

> Gentleman wanted to train for Life Assurance Inspectorship in Southern Counties.—Box 927.

The thought of such a position in the South of England appealed to one of our readers (an ex-officer), and the fact that only one man was required seemed to stamp the thing as genuine. He promptly made application for the job.

Alas for dreams of pleasant work by the sparkling sea! He did get a reply, but it was the stereotyped letter that had obviously been sent to other applicants.

Signed by A. Willitts, Superintendent Southern Counties, of the General Life Assurance Company, the letter stated that an Inspector was required, regretted that the Company would "not appoint unless you are able to introduce business," and coolly suggested that the recipient should start straightaway to prove his abilities—without salary!

A. Willitts added that commission would be paid on any business completed, but forgot to mention the percentage basis to be worked on.

Mr. Willitts, for his company, therefore proposed to all who answered his advertisement that they should work up business in their districts, receiving only commission on results. It strikes us as a particularly questionable way of dealing with men attracted by misleading advertisements.

Our reader, indignant and yet curious to find out more, wrote to Mr. Willitts suggesting that he should give more information.

"Life assurance is a question of personality," Willitts replied, "and you are more likely to be successful among the people you know. The question as to how long you will be before an inspectorship is offered, is one largely of your own aptitude."

The whole scheme is apparently an effort to have as many men as possible working up business for the company on a commission basis. The Superintendent knows that the bald truth in an advertisement would attract no one. The mythical "Inspectorship" is the bait.

Perhaps the General Life Assurance Company will give us an assurance that this method of getting men will no longer be practised.

Boys Broken with the Lash

THERE seems no end to tragic instances proving the utter failure and heartless brutality of the present Borstal system. They serve to show the dire need for a full inquiry and a drastic alteration in the character of these places. We reveal further facts in this powerful indictment.

FROM time to time we have criticised the abominable system of Borstal, which we say plainly is not only a place of torture but a factory of criminals.

We have urged upon judges and magistrates that it is a piece of monstrous cruelty and an anti-social act to send young boys and girls to these dreadful places, where they learn nothing that will be useful to them and everything that will tend to make them hopeless and inveterate criminals. In Borstal and Industrial institutions the children touch pitch and are defiled.

Those who talk lightly of the ameliorative effects of "borstalising" our unhappy youth might well contemplate careers like that of Thomas Joseph Burnham, of 10, Brymer Road, Old Kent Road, London, S.E. At the age of fourteen, little Tommy developed a boyish admiration for soldiers. He followed them about. One day he was arrested on the charge of begging from an Australian soldier. The poor little fellow was carried off to Bow Street. There he stood in the dock and listened, appalled, while the detective read out the story of his previous delinquencies.

* * *

They were dreadful. Like Lord Clive, who founded our Indian Empire, little Tommy had persistently played the truant from school. Lord Clive is dead. He could not be called in evidence. The magistrate sentenced Tommy to five years detention at the Russell House Reformatory School, Clapham.

He spent three years there, when Russell House had to be closed down. At this period little Tommy should really have been set free. The Superintendent, Lieutenant G. E. Mitchell, R.N.V.R., described him as obedient and to be trusted.

He went on to say that it was difficult to find suitable employment for him at the time, and so poor little Tommy Burnham did not regain his liberty. He was transferred to Kingswood Training School, Bristol. The machine had caught him up, and he could not escape from it.

* * *

At Kingswood he was to learn a trade. He was to be taught to become a baker. But the thought of lost liberty and lasting pain tormented him. He knew that he would have been set at liberty if a job could have been found for him. He decided to risk the terrors of unemployment in the outside world. He and his comrades made a desperate effort to escape.

They were caught. Tommy Burnham was adjudged to be one of the ringleaders. It is on official record that he was only kept there because suitable employment outside could not be found for him. Yet for trying to get out to find work for himself he was sentenced to twelve lashes of the cane.

When he recovered he was consoled by being appointed head kitchen boy. But his mind would wander to his home and his relatives, to whom he always wrote when he could. "Give my love to Mr. and Mrs. Gains, also Lizzie and the dog."

One day he caught his hand in the bread-cutting machine, inflicting a painful gash, the scar of which still remains. At home he would have been pitied and treated with tenderness and care. At Kingswood he had not even the mute sympathy of his dog. The procedure there was not only different but startling.

He was accused of having done it on purpose. It is difficult to understand the basis of this charge. But perhaps the real offence was that he had not only damaged his thumb but damaged the bread machine. The hand was dressed and put in a sling and the bread machine was vindicated by inflicting six lashes on the injured boy.

* * *

He made another effort to escape. He was caught and brought back, and put on the land to work. While he was digging one day he again contrived to hurt his hand. Again he did not get sympathy for a double wound. This time he was accused of *deliberately trying to commit suicide!* To reconcile him to the world which he was accused of having so ingloriously attempted to leave he was given another twelve strokes of the cane.

After his five years he looked forward to getting home to father and mother and Lizzie and the dog. The sentence of five years had expired. But his father had no work for him and he was persuaded to stay on. Legally he was free. In fact he was a prisoner. Confused by this dual capacity, which might have perplexed an eminent jurist, he took the liberty which was his right. He got a job and lost it. His employer told him that he had learned that he had been in an institution. He got another job and the same thing occurred. Three times he repeated this painful experience.

* * *

The benevolent institution, which cured him of his dreadful tendency to suicide, follows him with its solicitous care, pesters him with postcards and forms on which he is to state the name of the employer he is working for, what he is earning, and where he is living. Burnham will not fill up these forms. He is quite right, because there is no power to compel him. But he loses one job after another. He is out of work now.

He is a good boy, of kindly disposition, making a brave effort. But the shadow of Kingswood follows him wherever he goes. Do our magistrates realise this when they give fourteen-year-old boys like Tommy Burnham savage sentences of five years detention for an offence which should be treated with leniency and compassion, and as though there were really no such a thing as the First Offenders' Act?

Take the stories now of George Smithson and George Ingram. These two Georges, though young in years, are old criminals. Borstal did not do much for them.

In 1910 Smithson, then only seventeen years of age, was arrested and charged with house-breaking. He was sent to Borstal for three years. At that time he was described as a charming fellow, gay, light-hearted, with a twinkling eye full of mischief.

He was a good athlete and one of his school champions. It is charitable to assume that the judge who sent him to Borstal believed that he would learn there a useful trade and come out of it a good citizen.

Instead he came out a hardened and anti-social creature who had forgotten his early friendships and hastened to take up with those whom he had met at Borstal. Within a few weeks he stood again in the dock. He was sentenced at the Kent Assizes to five years penal servitude for burglary.

He served his sentence. He came out of jail and for a few weeks enjoyed his liberty. But the careful tuition of Borstal, and the further endorsement of its lessons in Dartmoor, did not constrain him to follow the right path. Again he stood in the dock for burglary. He got another five years. Smithson was released early last year. Within a few months he was again in the dock, charged with an amazing series of burglaries up and down the country. Standing with him in the dock was his friend, an ex-Borstal comrade, George Ingram, whose career was a very fair match for that of Smithson.

* * *

At fifteen years of age Ingram was sent to Borstal. No doubt the judge who sent him also thought that he would learn a trade and come out a good man. He didn't. He came out a friend of Smithson's, and the pair of them fell tooth and nail upon society. He, too, was sentenced to four and a half years for burglary. When he had expiated this crime, he promptly started burgling again, and got a further sentence, this time of five years.

Now these two men have been flung back again to prison, after nineteen warrants have been out for their arrest. They are once more together in penal servitude. Borstal, which was to teach them good citizenship, to-day can point to them only as its crowning failures.

* * *

We have pleaded for the reform of an institution that proves itself, from its own records, a hopeless failure. We do not stand alone in this indictment. At Dorset Quarter Sessions this year five ex-Borstal boys were charged with burglaries, and the Grand Jury recorded with grave concern this constant reappearance of Borstal boys before them, and urged that an inquiry into the methods of control and discipline at the Borstal institutions should be set up. This request, put forward by gentlemen who are discharging their duties without payment, without any other reward than a sense of public duty, was forwarded to the Home Secretary. Nothing has since been heard of it!

It would be easy to multiply examples of the complete and abysmal failure of the Borstal system. It has no defenders or apologists except the permanent officials. Public opinion has steadily hardened into a demand for its abolition. Why is it permitted to continue its dismal and disastrous record?

Dealers in Despair

FOOTSORE and famished, a young man who had tramped from Ipswich to lay his case before us related an almost incredible story of official meanness.

Frederick Laughlin served his country for four years during the war, and was subsequently employed in the Air Force Canteens in Egypt. He has no pension.

Last March, being almost at the end of his resources, he set out to tramp from Ipswich to Liverpool in search of work. His quest was unsuccessful, and he returned to Ipswich at the end of April.

On arrival at Ipswich, he went to the local Labour Exchange, where he was registered, to claim the unemployment benefit due to him. He was notified that twenty-eight days' pay would be given him on May 18.

In the meantime he had been endeavouring to obtain work through Collins' Agency, a local registry office for servants. On May 17 he received a telegram from one of this agency's subscribers stating that a position was open and asking him to telephone immediately to Cromer.

Having no money, he showed this telegram to the officials at the Labour Exchange and asked if he might draw his pay a day in advance. This was refused him. He then begged them to allow him to use the telephone and deduct the cost of the call from the money due to him. *Even this was refused!*

He drew his money on the following day, but by that time the situation had been filled.

But his cup of woes was not yet full. When next he applied to the Labour Exchange for unemployment benefit it was refused him, the suggestion being made that he had not tried to find work.

This is but one instance of many brought to our notice of the unsympathetic fashion in which Labour Exchange officials carry out their duties.

Cannot Sir Montague Barlow inspire his Department with a little common humanity?

Carver and the Carved

A Bucket Shop proprietor with a novel plea to put forward when asked for the return of money invested, requires careful handling. He also requires drastic handling, and we hope he will get it.

SO long as the world goes on there will always be people unable to resist the temptation of trying to get rich quickly. To every action there is a corresponding reaction. There will always be people ready to meet the demands of the ambitious get-rich-quick population.

One of the latter is Mr. W. W. Carver of Links Road, Tooting, S.W. Mr. Carver is the principal of a bucket shop called "The Small Investors' Share Exchange," with head offices at 28, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

This institution takes money from the public, who are told that it is invested in stocks and shares. There are regular fortnightly and monthly pools, and to those who invest in them the prospect is held out of a substantial dividend.

It all seems so attractive and alluring. Moreover, Mr. Carver is a highly philanthropic gentleman. He gives the benefit of his skill, knowledge and advice, not to the Rockefellers and the Rothschilds of the world, who probably do not need it very much, but to the small investors who may be assumed to have less knowledge of the intricacies and complications of high finance.

A reader of JOHN BULL, who thought he saw in Mr. Carver's specious proposals a way to turn over his little capital with profit and advantage, is now less enthusiastic about the Small Investors' Share Exchange than he used to be.

This gentleman, who had fought in the great war, and won a military cross, mentioned this matter to Mr. Carver in the course of an acrimonious correspondence in which he sought to get back, not only the profits he was told he had made, but the original capital which he knew to his cost he had invested.

It comprised a great proportion of his war service gratuity. But Mr. Carver did not send him back his money. He gave him instead the reassuring information that Mr. Carver, too, had fought not only in the great war, but also in the Boer war, and that he was an Englishman.

This is very interesting, but obviously inadequate, as the reply to a demand for the return of money. The investor proceeded a step further and took legal action. Mr. Carver's reply, as set forth in his pleadings, was that the money was not due, and that, in any case, the transactions involved were in the nature of gaming and wagering, and that the Statutes dealing with such matters would be pleaded in defence.

This gracious intimation is much more interesting than Mr. Carver's pedigree, or his record of war service. But it seems rather hard that those who put their money into the blind pools of the Small Investors' Share Exchange should not have it brought to their notice, until they try to get their money back, that they had been guilty of the enormity of indulging in transactions in the nature of gaming and wagering.

It will be clear to most people that, if you invest your money with somebody who will plead the Gaming Act when desired to return it you are embarking upon something in the nature of gaming and wagering which is sometimes more briefly and succinctly put as the old and familiar pastime of "heads we win" and "tails you lose."

There is nothing about the Gaming Act in any case in the explanatory circular. But it sets forth that in all transactions the Small Investors' Share Exchange acts as principals, and Mr W. W. Carver acts as principal to the Small Investors' Share Exchange. And he fought in the Boer War, and in the Great War, and he is also an Englishman.

We hope, however, that nobody will regard it as typically English to plead the Gaming Act when those who have invested money with you for Stock Exchange transactions ask for its return.

In some of his letters, Mr. Carver explained away his difficulty about sending out cheques, which was due, he said, to the new regulations in connection with fortnightly settlement. It may have comforted him to think that, if these difficulties were found to be insuperable, there was always behind him the solid rock of the Gaming Act.

We understand that the office of the Small Investors' Share Exchange, in Basinghall Street, has been closed down.

But what we are sure has not been closed down is the willingness of Mr. Carver, and people like him, to go on formulating schemes which are to show to the small investor the way to make money easily and quickly.

We can only say with regard to schemes of this kind that, while many people invest in them, the number of people who make money out of them is consistently and persistently negligible.

Captain Kidd Up to Date

A SENSATIONAL and scathing indictment of Government profiteering, which resulted in the strangling of an old-established firm, comes to us from far-off China. The circumstances surrounding what is undoubtedly one of the meanest official tricks on record are brought to the notice of JOHN BULL by British settlers in Hong Kong.

They are ashamed, these Englishmen, of the cunning devices that have been resorted to, in the name of the British Government, and they ask JOHN BULL to remove a stigma to British rule abroad by making the facts public.

Briefly the circumstances are these. In 1918 the Hong Kong Government, exercising its powers under the Shipping Control, commandeered certain ships belonging to the firm of Moller and Co. (Shanghai), Ltd. This firm is an old and respected institution which achieved its position only after sixty-five years of hard work and gradual building-up.

During the war a number of these steamers were engaged in the allied cause and four were sunk by German submarines and other causes of the war. But the losses on these vessels might have been borne by Moller and Co.

In 1918, when the Hong Kong Government commandeered the remaining steamers, it was found that the steamers were not being used for war purposes at all, but were being actually sub-let to charterers at enormous profits.

Moller and Co., acting under legal advice, began an action against the Government. What followed outdoes in craft and cynicism any such action on record. Knowing full well that they would have to pay heavy damages and at the same time fearing exposure, the Government, through the Colonial Secretary, indirectly approached Moller and Co., begging them to stay legal proceedings until the British Colonial Office could be communicated with. Moller and Co., not scenting a trap, agreed.

Instead of settling the matter, however, the Hong Kong Government rushed through the Indemnity Ordnance Bill (1922) which provided that "no legal action shall be instituted in any Court of Law in respect of any act during the war, before the passing of this Ordinance."

Which meant that while the Government were asking Moller and Co. to stay legal proceedings with a view to settling their just claim, they were actually preparing a Bill which would declare their illegal acts, legal!

For pitilessness and relentlessness there is no equal to this case. Shareholders have suffered to the extent of £250,000. Moller and Co. have had to put up the shutters and their employees, totalling several hundreds, have been flung out of work.

In an interview which one of the directors of the company had with the Colonial Secretariat in London, it was cheerfully admitted that the steamers were put to illegal use. "But," the director was told, "however illegal or piratical the use was, it was covered by the Indemnity Act." A defence of piracy!

Hong Kong flies the British flag. The result of the Government deliberations in this matter will show whether the Flag still symbolises all that it has stood for, all the world over.

A Post-card Sharper

WHY are not steps taken at once to deal with the activities of the individual who cloaks his identity under the somewhat strange title of "S.P.Q.R.", Post Card Publishers. From the printed notepaper he has used he made it appear that he was engaged in an extensive business with offices at 2, Arthur Road, Holloway, London, N., and a warehouse at Hertslet Road, London, N. Letters were signed "pp S.P.Q.R. Publishers, N. F. Kemp."

In the light of information which has come into our possession we are fully justified in asking the police to use their powers to restrain this elusive person from filching the savings of poor unemployed people who advertise for situations.

His methods are about as mean as can be imagined. The offices and warehouse of "S.P.Q.R." were alike non-existent. N. F. Kemp occupied furnished rooms at a house on the corner of Arthur Road and Hertslet Road, and using the double address set his trap for his unfortunate dupes.

Here is the experience of a poor young fellow named Thomas Dash, who is the sole support of his invalid mother and nine young brothers and sisters. He advertised for employment and received from "S.P.Q.R." an offer of a job calling upon tradesmen and selling postcards at a salary of £2 a week and commission.

He saw Kemp, who told him he must deposit £15 as security, which would be returnable. Dash was unable to find this sum, so Kemp consented to accept £12, which the poor lad borrowed and handed over in two instalments.

After working a few weeks, he found difficulty in obtaining his wages, sometimes receiving only a few shillings on account. His mother, relying on her boy for food and rent, got behind with her payments, and Dash, becoming anxious, asked for the return of his deposit. He couldn't get it.

One day he received from Kemp a cheque for £1 10s. and persuaded a local insurance agent to cash it. It was returned by the bank marked "R.D." After some delay, Kemp sent the money in postal orders to the man who had cashed it. Another of Kemp's cheques for £2 was cashed for Dash, with the same result.

Finally Dash threatened to go to the police unless he received his deposit and wages due, some £16 in all. Kemp laughed. Dash went to the police, who said they could do nothing.

This poor lad is now tramping the streets penniless, and the family may any day be evicted, as seven weeks' rent is owing.

We have particulars of other cases in our possession. Kemp has now left his old address, but has been seen lately at Finsbury Park.

Can the authorities *really* do nothing?

WAS GRIFFIN A MURDERER?

The Third Time of Asking

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

THE case of Henry Griffin, who died in Brixton Prison after undergoing two trials for the alleged murder of Mrs. Ada Kerr in Whitton Woods, opens up a question of the gravest public importance. How many times should an accused person be tried for the same alleged offence?

We very properly pride ourselves on the fairness of the British jury system. If it has a defect at all, the defect lies in the circumstance that a jury may "disagree" and put the defendants to the anxiety and expense of a fresh trial. Eleven jurors out of twelve may be absolutely convinced of the guilt or innocence of a prisoner, but by holding out against them the twelfth can render their opinion null and void.

This cuts both ways for the party in the dock, but there can be no doubt that it is "justice"—as human justice goes. The twelfth or "unconvinced" may be the only man of penetration in the bunch, quite as easily as he may be the only dullard. Either way, what he says "goes," to the extent that there can be no verdict.

CLEARLY, of course, the disagreement of a jury should not mean the acquittal of the person on trial. If it did, a disagreement would amount to a verdict of "not guilty" and all sorts of abuse might creep in.

But when two separate juries have examined the same matter and sifted the same evidence, and the second one "disagrees" as the first one did, it seems to me that the accused should be entitled to the benefit of the very obvious doubt.

The facts in the case of Griffin do not strike one as being entirely creditable to the authorities. Here is a man who at the time of his arrest was believed to be in a dying condition. He had to be treated at St. Mary's Hospital before being brought up on the charge against him; and we have it on the authority of the prison doctors that, right through the police court proceedings and both subsequent trials, "there was a danger of his dying as he did."

AT the time of his death Griffin was being held in custody in order that the law might have a third go at him. To be tried twice on the capital charge and suffer subsequent imprisonment till the triple event can be brought off is an experience calculated to shatter the healthiest physique. Yet Griffin appears to have been virtually moribund during the whole period of his ordeal. Over the anguish and agonies he must have endured we may very well draw the veil. The wonder is not that he died, but that he managed to drag out an unthinkable existence so long.

And now let us consider the circumstances of the alleged crime. Griffin admitted at his trials that he went for a walk with the dead woman, Mrs. Kerr. He said that he suddenly lost consciousness, and on recovering himself found that his throat was cut. He alleged that the woman had cut it. That is all.

Two juries failed to come to a definite conclusion as to the truth or falsehood of his story. What in the name of heaven would a third jury have done? And for the matter of that, what would a fourth, fifth, sixth or even *ninth* jury have done in this case?

WITH her usual eye to the irony of things, Fate has ordained that Henry Griffin should not be deprived of his third judge. It was a coroner's jury, and this is what it "found," viz., and to wit, "That Griffin died from the wounds in his throat; *but there was no evidence to show how they were inflicted.*"

And here—because it could do no other—the third jury leaves unsettled and in the air, as it were, the point which has baffled its predecessors.

Was Griffin a murderer or simply the victim of a murderous attack? Till you bring me evidence that the wounds in his throat were self-inflicted, I shall venture to give him what the law in its majesty neglected to give him, namely—the benefit of the doubt.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

WHEN a man is known by the office he holds rather than by his own name, one may take it for granted that he is a cipher. No one ever thought of calling Mr. Churchill the First Lord of the Admiralty (except perhaps an infuriated opponent); but no one has ever thought of calling Mr. Amery anything else. He is the First Lord or he is nothing. And, not to labour the point to excess, he is usually nothing.

This, however, must not be taken to mean that he can't (in the old picturesque and telling phrase) "throw his weight about!" He is quite capable of looking after himself and he has a pretty good idea of how far he can go within the limits of his job. But this weight-throwing is due to a consciousness of his personal insignificance. It is done to impress people rather than with any desire to get things done. Your Churchills and Georges have sufficient self-reliance to do without such tricks. It is always your nonentity who feels the need of constant self-assertion.

ROUGHLY speaking, the difference between a strong man and a weak man, in executive affairs, is that the first will concede everything except what he believes to be essential, while the second will concede nothing, because he isn't quite sure what is essential. In fact, the weak man confuses stubbornness with strength and will fight hard for every senseless tittle of his case, far more fearful of being thought feeble than of being defeated. He would rather be driven by force from the field than yield by reason an inch of it.

Col. L. S. Amery, M.P.

MR. Amery's attitude in the recent Admiralty *v.* Air Ministry dispute has been dangerously self-revealing. It has been the attitude of a man who would rather sacrifice the whole than surrender a part. In effect it simply meant that the Navy is more important than the country, that it would be far better to lose England than not to take Mr. Amery's advice. Like not a few of his colleagues in the present Government, he can see with admirable clearness to the extreme tip of his nose—but not a hair's-breadth beyond!

IT is a most unfortunate thing that Mr. Baldwin's Government contains hardly a single outstanding personality. Men like Lloyd Greame, Worthington Evans and Amery are poor substitutes for the politicians who filled those jobs a few years ago. The present outlook is dismal. Nearly all the personalities of the Party are out of office; and the present group of marionettes are forced to convert their executive into "puff" publicity departments in order to tell an admiring populace what fine fellows they are!

THE First Lord of the Admiralty is merely a mouth-piece. He represents a small section of Press and public opinion. He fights pig-headedly for the ideals—some people would call them by a stronger name—of that section, and nothing on earth will make him shift his position one iota until the section behind him dictates another course of policy. Briefly, he has no mind of his own—but he "voices" to perfection the minds of others.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

The six pound subsidy per house—
Where will it go we wonder?
To ease the yoke for homeless folk,
Or to "the ring" as plunder?

John's feeling sore about that door,
But what is he to do?
He's often tried to get inside
But simply can't squeeze through.

About those missing "canteen funds,"
A strong suspicion lingers;
By which we mean there must have been
A lot of "sticky fingers."

In Ireland with the dawn of peace,
A new life will begin;
And Pat and Mike will both alike
Be "wearin' of the grin."

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

SIR,—It is an amazing thing that, after having been in existence four years, your department should have to be publicly upbraided by the Congress of the Royal Sanitary Institute for having done absolutely nothing to fight the plague of cancer. This terrible scourge is responsible for 10 per cent. of all deaths and 900 people die from it in this country every week. Though its cure has still to be found, it can be very largely prevented, but the public don't know how, and nobody has taken the trouble to tell them. This is clearly the duty of the Ministry of Health. It is a duty which has been shamefully neglected and it should be seriously undertaken without further delay.

JOHN BULL.

To the TREASURER, Middle Temple, E.C.

SIR,—Middle Temple Lane may be the private property of the Benchers, but the public have used it for years as a short cut from the Strand to the Embankment and in closing it, as you have just done, you are guilty of a very inconsiderate action. You may think it your duty to vindicate the sacred rights of property, but in causing hardship and inconvenience to the public in this autocratic manner you are by no means following the traditions of which the Middle Temple has hitherto been so proud. Get your Benchers together and let them think again. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. HENRY JACKSON, Mayor of Wandsworth.

SIR,—What is this I hear about your Borough Council giving notice to quit to all their tenants who have installed listening-in sets? What possible harm can you find in them? Do the aerials spoil the view on the banks of the silvery Wandle, or do you fear that these people may be getting a little too much cheap entertainment? Wireless is a science as well as an amusement, and should be encouraged. Your action, if it is legal (which I doubt) is certainly high-handed and stupid. Cut it out. JOHN BULL.

To CHARLES G. MUSGRAVE, Esq., J.P., Chairman, Metropolitan Water Board.

SIR,—A concern like yours ought to tackle its problems from a national point of view and not with the outlook of a small tradesman. This is a time, as the Prime Minister said the other day, when any firm that is contemplating capital work of any kind renders a double service to the country by placing the order at home and not abroad. In spite of this appeal and disregarding altogether the terrible amount of unemployment in your own country, your Board has sent an important contract to Denmark, because the tender was 8 per cent. lower than that of a Blackpool firm. Such conduct is unpatriotic, short-sighted and (in a concern like the M.W.B.) a public scandal, for which your Board should be brought sharply to account. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD HEWART, Lord Chief Justice of England.

MY LORD,—The coming of August draws attention once again to the scandal of the Long Vacation. For ten weeks the course of justice has to wait while the judges make holiday, and this in spite of the fact that a Royal Commission (of which Mr. Justice Darling was a member) has recommended that this ridiculously long break should be shortened. The judicial year now consists of only 181 working days, a fact which is altogether out of keeping with the hustle of modern conditions, both social and business. You and your learned brothers should recognise the fact and deny yourselves a little luxury for the public good. JOHN BULL.

To Captain ARTHUR EVANS, M.P., House of Commons.

SIR,—You have earned a little cheap notoriety by making a spectacular crossing of the floor of the House and transferring yourself from the National Liberal Party to the Conservatives. I don't for a moment question your right to do so, but what I don't understand is your letter to Mr. Lloyd George, in which you say that at the General Election you gave definite pledges of support to the Conservative Government. If that is true how on earth did you come to label yourself as a National Liberal? It may pass for honesty judged by political standards, but will it pass muster anywhere else? JOHN BULL.

To CHARLES AITKEN, Esq., Director, National Gallery of British Art (Tate Gallery).

SIR,—You and your trustees, after rejecting a famous painting by Sir John Lavery, which Lady Cunard offered to give you, have now accepted from another donor an unfinished sketch, by the same artist, of Queen Victoria's visit to the Glasgow Exhibition in 1888. Sir John naturally objects. If you are ungracious enough to refuse a finished work that has been universally praised, you certainly can't be allowed to hang an uncompleted fragment, however much the subject may thrill you. The public are viewing your antics with considerable misgiving. They are jealously proud of their Art Galleries, and anything that savours of pettiness and incompetence in their management is keenly resented. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. F. C. WILSON, Lord Mayor of Liverpool.

SIR,—You are administering a fund which has been got up for the benefit of the four heroes who recently put out a fire on a train loaded with high explosives and thus saved Liverpool from devastation. £400 has been subscribed and you propose to dole it out by instalments of £10 each July till it is exhausted. What is the sense of keeping these men waiting ten years to get the full reward of their bravery? They are not babies, to be treated in this stupid, grandmotherly fashion. Some people have doles on the brain. Give them their £100 down and let them put it to some purpose by which they and their families will be immediately benefited. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. D. HUNTER, Custom House Docks, E.

SIR,—It is all very well for you to spout mob-heroics to these poor devils of dockers whom you are helping to keep out on strike. It no doubt interested them immensely to hear that you were "prepared to face a thousand policemen armed with batons" and that you feared no man. But these fine words of yours will not butter any parsnips for them. They have been deluded to a bit by the glib oratory and hollow pretence of yourself and your fellow firebrands. They have suffered, and their wives and kiddies have suffered, by your false leadership. But they will wake up to it in time. JOHN BULL.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

The "Road-up" season is now in full swing

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

THE best thing about Mr. Baldwin's statement of the Government's policy on Reparations and the Ruhr was his frank declaration that this country is neither pro-French nor pro-German, but definitely and emphatically pro-British. France cannot complain of that attitude, nor suggest that it imperils the Entente.

Reparations and Preparations

It is right to state quite plainly that it is not consistent with the dignity of this country that there should be an indefinite continuation of vague and inconclusive notes, which do not get any further forward, and only encourage Germany to believe that she can indefinitely postpone paying the bill.

Germany can pay and must pay. And it is the business of the allied statesmen to compel her to fulfil her obligations. But even that is not the beginning and end of a pro-British policy. We have to face the spectre of unemployment this winter. We must make our preparations in advance. The Government may rightly plead that it is not to be blamed for the sorry condition of Europe. It can put in no such plea of defence if it fails to tackle at once the urgent task of improving our trade both at home and abroad.

Some day we shall turn our back on Europe, and bend all our energies to building up our own Empire and establishing our own prosperity. The sooner we make a beginning the better.

Sooner or later Germany will come again into competition with us on the markets of the world. She will renew her policy of peaceful penetration which she foolishly exchanged for a costly and disastrous system of Prussian militarism. Our answer to that policy will be a well-developed Empire, exploiting its great resources for its own benefit, interdependent in trade and independent of the rest of the world.

SENSITIVENESS to criticism is not altogether an admirable thing in a Commissioner of Police and this quality is clearly discernible in Sir William Horwood's report on his Department. The report praises police efficiency and activity, and no one would suppose from reading it that people like the notorious Queenie Gerald existed and brazenly defied Scotland Yard.

A Challenge to Scotland Yard

In a document which reads too much like the speech of Counsel for the Defence Sir William admits that practically a score of policemen had to be dismissed from the Force and three times as many were required to resign. He does not deign to give the public, who find the money for his Department, any specific information as to why in each case these drastic punishments were found necessary.

But an even more disconcerting aspect of Sir William Horwood's report is his sneer at newspapers which have so far forgotten themselves as to venture temerariously to criticise the Force over which he presides. He accuses them of making reckless and often wicked charges, and when they are invited to supply information which would enable inquiry to be made the reply is that they cannot either disclose the source of their information or give details. Nothing, Sir William adds, with a pathetic air of injured innocence, could be more unfair and exasperating to the members of the Force.

We do not suppose that policemen generally desire anybody, even their own chief, to throw a shield over them to save them from being exposed to the dreadful peril of being exasperated. But in his desire to secure the sympathy of the public for his stalwart men, who are not nearly so hypersensitive as he supposes, Sir William is throwing dust in the eyes of the public.

He finds newspapers which make charges and then runs away from them. He writes a mournful paragraph about it. But why does he not deal with the journals which make specific charges and do not run away from them? We have recently published the story of a well-known citizen who alleges bribery against the police. He has declared his willingness to give sworn testimony to that effect. We have called upon the police authorities to investigate this matter. We have not been invited by Scotland Yard to supply any information whatsoever about what appears to us to be a gross scandal. We have repeated our challenge to the police. No answer has been vouchsafed.

Will Sir William Horwood deal with this matter now, or will he postpone consideration of it until he thinks the time and occasion appropriate to dismiss it with a mournful paragraph in next year's report?

THE Canteen report is rather in the nature of an empty thunderbolt. It denounces the scandalous and shady proceedings that marked the ultimate disposal of the assets and leaves the matter there. Will the Government take appropriate and drastic action? Unless it does the Committee has wasted its time.

Robbing the Ex-soldier

But there is another and still greater scandal. The fighting soldier in the war paid the full market price for everything he bought at the canteens. He did so because he was told that the profits would be applied for his benefit after the war.

This undertaking has not been carried out. The profits were used to meet the losses scandalously made by the Canteen Board, and also to provide for the comfort of the new peace army, who did not fight in the war. It is the business of the Government to provide for these men, not to do it at the expense of the broken ex-soldier.

The miserable excuse is given that when the promise was made that the fighting soldiers' profit would go to the soldiers, that did not necessarily mean the fighting men of the great war. It also included subsequent generations of soldiers. The men believed that the profits on the money they spent were to help their comrades who were broken in the struggle, and the widows and children of the fallen. Now they are told that the word soldier means any soldier whether he served during or after the great war.

We have no hesitation in saying that this is a mean and dirty trick, a dodge utterly unworthy of the authorities of a great country.

THE sensational charges made by two nurses at the Downs Hospital against Dr. Alix Jeanne Churchill must not be hushed up without further action being taken by the authorities. At the inquest on a little five-year-old girl who died in the hospital, Nurse Amy Thorpe said:—"I cannot describe in words what I saw done to the child. She became restless and Dr. Churchill took her by the hair and pulled her on to her knee. The child struggled and eventually fell to the floor. Then the doctor again pulled her on to her knee by the hair, but the child struggled and got to the floor again and again, and the doctor repeatedly dragged her up in the same way."

"Suffer Little Children"

Nurse Thorpe added that when the dressing was finished, Dr. Churchill kicked the girl five times, and sprinkled the hair that had come out of her head on to her face as she lay exhausted on the floor. Her evidence was corroborated by Nurse Attwood.

That such shocking cruelty should have been practised by a woman, and especially by a woman doctor, is almost incredible. Yet the case against Dr. Churchill is damning. There is the testimony of two nurses; there is the evidence of the staff nurse to whom the matter was reported; and, there is Dr. Churchill's hurried resignation.

The authorities have a duty to perform to the public. It is to the hospitals that suffering mites are sent in trembling hope and beautiful trust. A mother has never any doubt that the baby who means so much to her will receive loving care and attention. What will be the effect on the public mind if these serious charges against a hospital doctor are not investigated.

Hospitals and doctors all over the country are suffering for Dr. Churchill's work. It is for the authorities to see that, if these charges are upheld, she will not be permitted to practise her cruelty at the expense of British babies and mothers.

IT is certainly unfair that while doctors in London who are called by the police to attend accident cases should be paid an official fee for their attendance, doctors in the country have no similar fund to draw upon. But while everybody will agree that this disparity should be removed, we are sure that there are very few people who will applaud the action of the country doctor who aroused the indignation of Mr. Gilbert Frankau by refusing to go to the scene of an accident unless his fee were paid in advance.

Doctors who Refuse

The principle is clear. It is the duty of everybody to help in the case of an accident. That duty is not lessened but rather increased in the case of a man whose assistance may be of special value. We do not think that the ordinary layman who might lose time and money giving first aid at the scene of an accident would complain, or that he would get much sympathy if he did.

On the other hand it is only fair to a great profession to say that doctors as a class are conspicuous by the spirit of self-sacrifice and generosity which they show in dealing with the sick, the suffering and the unfortunate.

The Right Hon. Reginald M'Kenna

The Bank Manager's Secret

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

THE sufferings of the lower classes are so apparent in this period of financial stress that one is apt to consider them the only section of the community to whom thrift is essential. But what of the middle classes, hundreds of whom strive desperately to maintain an air of respectability despite empty pockets and starved stomachs?

SOMEONE said to me the other day that the sufferings of the middle-classes are much greater than anybody knows. Then he checked himself, and added, "Except the bank manager."

In a second article I shall attempt to explain the bitter hatred of the communist for the middle-classes, and the unsympathetic attitude of the middle-classes towards every strike, whether just or unjust. For the present it is enough to draw attention to an unusual and disturbing state of things in the midst of our social life.

If millions of depressed people at one end of the scale are being kept alive by a Government dole, many thousands of people at the other end of the scale are now holding on to existence only by means of a bank overdraft. Prosperity has become largely a pretence, and Respectability walks about the world wearing a mask.

HERE is a case within my own knowledge. It concerns a professional man of a most lavish good nature and a very lovable disposition, whose generous humanity has made him many warm friends among the working-classes. He is old, retired, and for some years now has been afflicted with a painful illness, which he bears with fortitude. His friends have no knowledge of the tragedy which has overtaken him.

This family has been living for nearly two years chiefly on bread and tea. An egg every seventh day has been their one permitted luxury. Bacon is never thought of, and marmalade is bought only when the appetite for dry bread appears to be in danger. Invitations to luncheon come like a release from prison; dinner invitations have to be refused for lack of a taxi-cab fare and want of suitable dresses.

What is the cause of this new poverty? Much of the family's thrift has gone to buy machinery and to pay workmen's wages in companies not yet able to show a profit; rule this out, if you will, as foolish speculation deserving of no pity. But hundreds of pounds are due to these people, and they have as much right to that money as the Archbishop of Canterbury to his archiepiscopal stipend or Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to his Parliamentary salary.

IT is due to them from an honourable trading company called The Gordon Hotels, Limited. The company has paid no dividends since June, 1919. It is unable to pay dividends for this reason: certain Government officials, securely comfortable on a fixed income from the State, have not yet made up their minds to settle for the use made by the Government during the War of certain hotels owned by the company. The war ended in 1918.

Now these officials are either so incompetent that they ought to be dismissed, or they are as guilty of deliberate and infamous cunning as the worst bricklayers in the building trade. Any average business man could settle the matter in a week. As it is, ever since 1919, numerous middle-class people whose savings are invested in this company have been struggling with poverty, and the particular family of which I write have been kept alive only by a bank manager who allows them from time to time to draw a very small cheque.

If the bank manager told all he knows we should be astonished to find how many of our chief industries, and how great a multitude of middle-class people, are now keeping head above water only because his kindly hand is under their chins. Certainly for three years, perhaps longer, the big banks have been supporting a considerable portion of our industrial and social life, speculating on a return of the world's sanity, building on the good sense and heroic virtues of the British people.

EVEN men in enviable positions, and passing for rich men, have been obliged to seek their bankers' assistance in recent years on account of domestic reasons. They have sons going to expensive schools, or proceeding to the Universities, or entering hospitals for a five years' training—sons who are to be our future inventors, organisers, men of science, doctors, surgeons, artists, writers, and teachers. To these people, taxed almost out of existence, every new strike comes like another war, and every fresh increase in the rates like a blow in the face. They are rich only on one side of the ledger.

But below these "prosperous" people are many humbler members of the middle-classes who have no right of entry to the bank manager's private room, and who have to fight a new and very cruel world on means barely sufficient for the far easier world which passed away in 1914. How the best of them do it, let this instance tell.

I know two ladies, an old mother and a middle-aged daughter, who are renowned in their neighbourhood for two charming reasons—the deep and witty love which unites them, the eagerness with which they are always ready to do anything for anybody. When they are not teasing each other, the needle of the old lady is working for someone in distress, and the younger lady is on her bicycle riding off to cheer up a neighbour or to visit a person who is ill.

I have never known them to utter one depressing thought, or ever to be anything but amusing, friendly, and helpful. But imagine the secret battle they have been waging for the last nine years in their little home, which is so sympathetic to people of refined tastes, so kind to anyone in trouble.

The daughter said to a friend of mine the other day, "Mother is the most wonderful manager. All through the War we had only £100 a year for the two of us, and yet she actually managed to save £18."

THIS is surely thrift altogether too sacred for the denunciation of the communist agitator, paid by Mongolian half-breeds to wreck, if he can, the ancient structure of Britain's greatness, both industrial and domestic. And the spirit behind that thrift, so radiant and uncomplaining, as characteristic of the best of our working-classes as of the most struggling of our middle-classes, surely that fine spirit is invincible.

We shall endure: we shall pull through: we shall conquer; but for many the strain is hard.

Vaccination is a serious problem. True to our policy of fairplay we print the views of the other side.

The Vacci

GLOUCESTER has destroyed the myth that in an unvaccinated population the mortality in a smallpox epidemic would be appalling. Out of about 400 cases of the mildest possible nature in the present "epidemic," *the death of a child of six weeks is the only one that was claimed to be due to the disease.* In the welter of the Press controversy, and the shriekings of fanatics, the public have not been able to get a clear-sighted view of this vital question.

"Vaccination is a sure protection," and "Vaccination prevents death from smallpox" have been two of the chief parrot cries of a Press misled by the doctors who dominate the Ministry of Health and the medical journalists.

The medical profession benefits from the emoluments of public appointments under the Vaccination Acts (which cost in public moneys nearly £200,000 a year) in addition to the harvest reaped at the time of every smallpox scare.

Whatever is to be said of the anti-vaccinist, it certainly cannot be claimed that he is actuated by mercenary motives. Without any hope of reward he gives his time and money to abolish compulsion.

Apart altogether from the monetary side of the problem, however, the prevailing medical view is very seriously disputed. Vaccination, being an article in the medical creed, is sacred to the doctors who are straining every effort to increase its practice, and at the recent Medical Conference anti-vaccinists were described as criminal lunatics. These "lunatics" have included some of the greatest names in the world of science.

There is, for instance, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, F.R.S., the eminent scientist, whose memorial is in Westminster Abbey, and who wrote "Vaccination a Delusion." There is also Professor Crookshank, M.B., F.R.C.S., late Professor of Bacteriology at King's College, the author of the "History and Pathology of Vaccination," and who told the Royal Commission "We have no known test by which we could possibly distinguish between a lymph which was harmless and one which might be harmful to the extent of communicating syphilis."

And, to name only one more, there is Charles Creighton, M.D., M.A., the author of nine articles in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, including fourteen columns on Vaccination. When before the Royal Commission he referred to vaccination as a "grotesque superstition," and said "it affords no protection against smallpox."

More about the "Daily Mail"

by A. G. GARDINER

LORD Rothermere's amazing attitude with regard to the future of Europe is worthy only of the strongest condemnation. We are at one with France in her view that Germany must pay—the question is by what means she shall be made to pay. The situation is too vitally important to be used as the basis of a newspaper stunt.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner

I WROTE last week of the peril in which this country stands from the attempt of the Rothermere Press to hound on the mob against the British Government and to compel it to knuckle under to M. Poincaré. The attention which my article has attracted, and the gravity of the crisis in which the *Daily Mail* and its stable companions are rallying all the passions of the gutter to enable M. Poincaré to ride roughshod over Mr. Baldwin, lead me to return to the subject.

In this great matter every one of us has got to make up his mind where he stands. Is he for Britain or for France? There is no middle way. There never has been since the war ended, though, in the vain hope of bringing France to reason, we went on pretending that there was, until the invasion of the Ruhr made it impossible to pretend any longer. This country must have peace in Europe if it is to continue to live: Poincaré stands for eternal war in Europe. Between these two motives there is no compromise.

WHEN three British Prime Ministers in succession, after suffering, in their desire to avoid a rupture, such humiliations from M. Poincaré as the statesmen of this nation have never before submitted to from the head of another State—when they are driven, one after another, to the conclusion that Poincaré's policy spells the ruin of Europe and the end of this country as an industrial system, what is there for the man in the street to say? If it were a moral question alone at stake, there would be room for dissension. I have never accepted the base axiom of "My country, right or wrong." If my country is morally wrong, it is my duty as a good citizen to compel it to be morally right. But this is not a moral issue only. In so far as it is a moral question, I know my country is right, for it stands for peace and reconciliation.

But this is also a material question. It is a question of whether this country is to be permitted to find work and food for its people or is to perish in order that M. Poincaré and his black troops may establish a military dictatorship over the ashes of European civilisation.

ON this question, who is to judge if Prime Minister after Prime Minister is to be damned as little better than a traitor to the country for protecting its interests? They are the only men we can trust. They have been elected by us. They alone know all the facts and have all the secret sources of information. They have no interests to serve except the country's interests. They do not own Paris newspapers, have no circulations to consider, and do not live by "stunts." If they all come to the same conclusion, what more is there to be said by anyone but a fool?

I do not know whether Lord Rothermere is a fool; I do not even know what his game is. I am told by those who know more about him than I do that he probably backed Poincaré to win in the Ruhr as he would back a horse to win a horse-race and that his journalistic vanity is at stake. Poincaré is to win in order that Rothermere may claim to have backed the winning horse. The fate of European civilisation for a century is nothing, the existence of this great industrial nation is nothing in the balance against a successful newspaper "stunt."

This may be the explanation, in which case you will ask what right a person capable of this enormous levity has to be accepted as the adviser of the nation in the teeth of three Prime Ministers. From his organs it is difficult to get any explanation except that of sheer imbecility. Put aside the reams of brainless letters that seem as though they had all come out of the same home for mental deficients. Put aside the malignant "news" by which this tremendous problem is distorted and travestied. Come to the "leaders" in which Lord Rothermere's hacks deliver their muddle-headed economics. They hold the dupes who read them in such contempt that they will offer them two mutually destructive arguments in the same article. They tell them in one breath that if French trade is reduced our unemployment will increase, and in the next that if German trade revives "the total ruin of our export industries" will follow. What is to be said of the flippant dunces who pen such mockeries? What is to be said of a public that reads them and is not insulted by them?

CONSIDER the folly of thinking of trade in political terms. The *Daily Mail* writes that the prosperity of France means employment for us, but the prosperity of Germany means ruin to us. The truth is that trade is a world unit. If you cut an artery anywhere you bleed everywhere. Why is that vast industry of Lancashire wilting away to-day? Its chief trade in the past was with India. The Indians did not pay for their cotton goods in cash. They paid via Berlin. Germany took India's raw cotton, and we took payment for our exports to India in the shape of sugar from Germany. We all benefited by the mutual exchange. Now with the collapse of Germany the exchange of commodities has broken down and five million Lancashire people are paying for the Poincaré policy.

Or take another illustration. We have lent our savings in the past to the Colonies, Australia, Canada, the South American States. Those loans went in the shape of rails, engines, manufactures of all sorts that kept our factories humming. With these loans those countries produced wool, coffee, meat and other raw materials which they sold mainly to the vast populations of Central Europe. They can sell to those markets no longer, and they can buy from us no longer. Hence our idle factories, our stagnant trade, our unemployment.

IT is these facts, which Lord Rothermere is either ignorant of or deliberately conceals from his readers, that govern Mr. Baldwin's policy. He knows that Poincaré in destroying Europe is bleeding this country white. He knows that unless world trade is restored Britain as a great industrial community is doomed.

How long is he to be obstructed by the anti-British imbecilities of Lord Rothermere? How long is this great country to be dragged at the wheels of Poincaré's chariot in order to provide a successful "stunt" for the *Daily Mail*?

cination Myth

by A CONVERT

The truth is that vaccination only introduces one nasty disease into the human system in the belief that it will protect from another—smallpox. Our authorities admit having used lymph obtained from inoculating monkeys with smallpox. To say that matter from a filthy disease is not filth is a misuse of language, and "pure lymph," if it existed, would only mean one filth unmixed with another.

Vaccination has never been a success. Parliament had by 1808 paid Dr. Jenner £30,000, believing his assertion that one vaccination protected for life; yet as early as 1810 the "Medical Observer" contained a detailed list of 535 cases of smallpox after vaccination with 97 deaths. The abandonment of smallpox inoculation which had spread the disease (and which is now a criminal offence), together with better treatment and cleanliness led to a decrease in smallpox. The doctors, however, claimed the credit for vaccination and succeeded in making it compulsory in 1853.

In 1871 and 1872, in spite of 18 years of compulsory vaccination, there was an outbreak of the disease which caused 42,084 deaths. It is significant also that in 1917 vaccinated persons were the only ones who caught smallpox, of whom 3 died. Of the 26 deaths from smallpox last year only 10 were recorded as unvaccinated.

It should be remembered that in the last fifty years the deaths of 1,453 children have been certified as directly due to vaccination, and that Japan and Germany (the best revaccinated countries in the world) suffer severely from smallpox. When the percentage of vaccinations was between 50 and 75, the average yearly deaths from smallpox was 550. It has only been 14 since the percentage fell below 50!

It might be asked why the medical profession support vaccination. As well ask why it formerly bled a patient for nearly every complaint—and—failing a complaint—bled him every spring. The truth is that beyond learning how to perform the operation the average doctor has acquired very little knowledge of the subject.

The anti-vaccinists have been called "criminal lunatics." No charge of lunacy, however, can be hurled at the doctors of the Ministry of Health or the medical journalists when one thinks of the huge increase in fees which would result *if they could raise vaccinations from the existing 38 per cent. of the births to the old figure of 85 per cent.*

Startling Racing Revelations

by WM. K. SMITH—The Well-known Owner.

IN order that the public may be fully aware of the trickery which in many cases goes on behind the scenes in racing circles, we publish the following revelations by one who has taken part in that trickery and paid the penalty.

William K. Smith.

INTEREST in the turf, and the ways of the turf, is greater to-day than at any other time in the history of racing. What with the suspension of owners, prosecutions against jockeys, and the constant reiteration of the mysterious word "dope," the man who puts his "bob" on at some street corner is beginning to wonder where he stands.

He hears vague rumours from time to time that such and such a horse is a "certainty," or that so-and-so filly will positively not be in the first three. He is puzzled about it all and wants to know what it means.

Unfortunately there are few who can tell him what it means—sometimes the owners least of all! As one who has owned horses I can, however, draw aside the veil of secrecy that cloaks matters of the turf.

In regard to dope I can speak from personal experience, *for I have doped my own horses!*

The word "dope" acts like a spell on some people, and it is believed that only in recent years has this terrible thing found its way on to the race course. Yet I can remember that twenty or thirty years ago whisky as a stimulant was given to horses before a race, right in the paddock in front of the public! Not a word was said in those days about this practice.

To-day the stimulant takes a more sinister form. It is all so easy, this dope game, that it is strange the public should have such little knowledge of it. Owners all over the country are making a practice of doping their horses—when they want them to win.

BUT it must not be thought that dope is given to any or every horse. There are only certain horses that it will be of use to. If a horse has no form or speed, you simply can't put form and speed into it. On the other hand, there are horses with speed which they won't use. It is these who are generally doped.

The business requires great care. Some people have one way of administering drugs, and some have another. There is, however, only one proper method, and I would defy any veterinary surgeon to detect a horse of mine which had been treated in this way. I maintain that an animal is none the worse for an injection, and that to use a syringe is neither wicked nor cruel.

Personally I vote for the needle method when it can be applied, but there are times when this is impossible, and another method of mine has to be adopted.

When an owner is going to try to improve the speed of one of his horses by dope, he first of all studies the animal's temperament in every way. If the race for which the horse is entered is a mile one, he will want to see him gallop a mile at his best pace, timing him exactly.

In four or five days the owner will have him on the track again, but on this occasion he will give the horse an injection with a hypodermic syringe and needle. I have found that three grains of pure cocaine are best for results. He will then note exactly how long the dope takes to have an effect, and let him go the distance, comparing his time with the previous performance.

The most important thing, of course, is in giving the dope just at the right time before the race, and even this purpose can be defeated by a delayed start at the post. Other owners I know inject the needle in the horse's neck, but personally I always gave my horses the needle in the breast.

DOPING two-year-olds is a waste of time. Horses of this age simply refuse to answer to it—at least that has been my experience. But with older animals the difference in the time of certain faint-hearted horses doped and undoped is amazing. They are like new animals after an injection at the right moment.

So it was with Hainton Belle at Pontefract in July, 1920—the first horse I doped. I had fully resolved beforehand that this was going to be my race, and I had studied the animal carefully and put her through her paces, both with and without the cocaine. I had found that an administration of three grains, just twenty minutes before leaving for the post was what suited her best.

I was all alone at Pontefract that day. My trainer and jockey, fearing that they would be questioned by the stewards regarding the mare's poor running at Nottingham two days before, had thought it better to stay away! Thus are things done on the turf! The poor punter will be beginning to wonder now whether he can really go by form after all!

But I managed to secure a jockey, and when I had given Hainton Belle the dope, I went and made some good bets at 7 to 1. When I put the jockey up he looked at me:

"What chance have I?" he asked significantly.

ON June 12 last, Wm. K. Smith was "warned off" by the Jockey Club for "doping" the horse, Cyrenely, at Catterick Bridge, on September 30, 1922. Smith, an owner of horses, and associated with the Turf for over forty-five years, has been a consistent doper of his horses. He is able, therefore, to make these disclosures from personal experience.

I knew he wanted his instructions for the race.

"My lad," I said grimly, "get the mare right away at the start, and she'll come home like an aeroplane!"

He laughed.

"And don't forget," I added. "I have my money on Hainton Belle. And I've a bit on for you as well!"

That pleased him. Hainton Belle got away to a good start, and there was never any doubt about the race. The mare forged ahead in good style and won easily. My first venture into the dope field, therefore, had proved successful, and it is small wonder that I was tempted to repeat the performance again and again.

Other owners are still doing it. They have little difficulty in obtaining supplies of cocaine, and the risk of detection is practically nil. It seems to me that the betting man not in touch with these things has very little chance of winning.

Sometimes, however, the doping game gives one a bad fright. Last year an owner friend asked me to use the syringe on a certain horse of his. I asked him whether the horse had been tampered with before, and he said that it had—without any good results.

Another friend and myself therefore agreed to help him. This incident also took place at a Pontefract meeting, and I knew the horse fairly well and what he required. About twenty-five minutes before the start of the race we got in beside the horse.

I worked quickly, giving the horse three grains of pure cocaine with the syringe. Suddenly there was a step outside.

"Quick!" whispered my friend. "Somebody coming!"

I muttered a curse and pulled at the needle to get it out of the horse.

The head of the needle came away in my hands, the *rest of it remaining in the animal!*

The footsteps passed without coming nearer to us, but the damage had been done.

"Get outside," I muttered. "We've done all we can here."

"What do you mean?" he asked, getting suspicious at my tone.

We went outside and I showed him the needle-head in my hand.

He stared at it aghast.

"You don't mean to say——" he began.

"Yes, just that!" I said. "This is where we get ours!"

You can imagine how we felt as we watched the horses go forward to the start. I don't think I ever felt so nervous in my life before. And what a show that horse made! It hobbled in nearly last. The broken needle was certainly doing its work.

We were afraid lest the affair should be discovered and an inquiry instituted. But our fears were groundless. Nothing happened.

WHEN we got home I immediately consulted a friendly veterinary surgeon about the matter. He knew me very well and had an idea of some of the games I had been up to, I had no hesitation, therefore, in stating boldly what had happened, and in asking his advice.

He whistled softly when he heard the story.

"Knew this would happen to you some day," he commented. "A dangerous game, Mr. Smith, that you'd be well advised to leave alone."

"Yes, yes," I said eagerly. "I know all that. But what about this needle in the horse?"

"Well," he said finally, "I do honestly believe that there's a chance of the needle working out in the course of time!"

I was immensely relieved. Anything might have happened after such an accident, and I wasn't particularly anxious to face the stewards of the Jockey Club. That was to come later! To hear that the needle might work itself out was good news.

Whether he was right or whether he was wrong I cannot say. Nor do I know whether or not the broken needle remains in the horse to this day.

But what I do know is that the horse in question has since won races at Beverley! And I've been there and seen him win them.

Next week I shall talk about the doping of Sangot, the horse that beat the King's Picardy, and was afterwards sold to Lord Lascelles for 2,600 guineas, never again winning a race!

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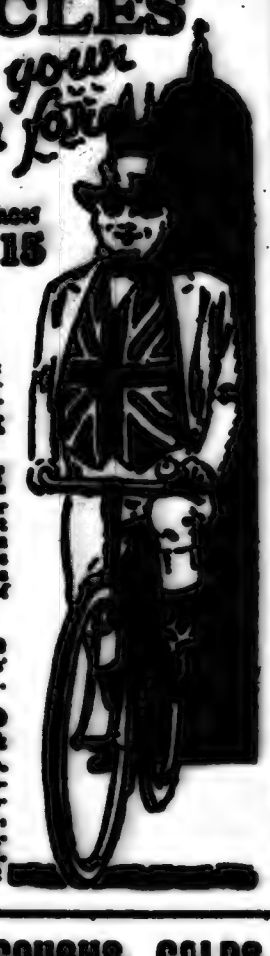

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

Deceiving a Blind Mother

"MY brother, who is prominent in the City, is engaged to be married to the daughter of a defaulting financier who was a great friend of my father's years ago. My mother, who is quite blind, has never forgiven this man for the disgrace he dragged my father through at the time of his trial and sentence at the Old Bailey.

"My brother is mother's favourite son, and she is happy in the thought that he is going to marry soon and have a home of his own. She does not know who his intended wife really is, as she cannot see her, and her voice conveys nothing. I am sure that if she knew the truth she would worry herself to death.

"Reggie, my brother, has made me promise never to tell her that her daughter-in-law will be the child of my father's ex-convict friend, but I am afraid that my mother will get to know the truth sooner or later, as there are many busybodies in this district. If I tell her I shall break my brother's trust in me and my mother's heart. And the wedding is fixed for early September. What shall I do?"

"Humanist" says: *Don't be a busybody yourself. Love your brother, but do not punish your prospective sister-in-law for a crime she did not commit. Let your brother tell your mother. So many problems vanish if faced with kindness and courage.*

Husband's Queer Dilemma

"I CAME, on a Scottish tour, to a small island on the west coast. I traversed a most rickety bridge, threw myself down in a comfortable spot and dropped off to sleep. I was awakened by heavy rain, jumped up and seized my mackintosh, when to my amazement I saw a young lady struggling to cross the bridge, which had been almost swept away by the fast rising tide. I naturally went to her assistance. But on nearing the bridge, I at once saw that all hope of crossing that night was out of the question.

"I communicated my fears to the young lady, who seemed beside herself with anxiety. I tried everything to ensure a safe transit, but my efforts were quite unavailing. So I got my companion into the shelter of some rocks; and at some distance from her I was lucky to get cover from the elements, though sleep was out of the question. When it was light enough I crept to the edge of the river to find that the tide had ebbed and in some places the water was quite shallow. I told the girl that I would carry her across the ford if she liked and see her home. To this she quickly agreed. We soon reached her house. Her parents received their daughter back with open arms, and thanked me for my courtesy.

"Two days later I received a furious letter from the young lady's father stating that I had compromised his daughter and that nothing short of a speedy marriage would mend matters! I at once wrote and told the father that I was a married man. When I had posted my reply, I decided I had better get home at once and confide in my young wife. This I did, to my sorrow, for she took the father's view, and said she must return at once to her parents."

"Humanist" says: *It would be a poor world if one could not do the right thing for fear of the wrong construction. Tell your wife gently that she is acting with hysterical folly. If she thinks she is really going to lose you over such a silly business she will get sense quickly. As to the girl's father, deal with him more drastically. Send him the name of your solicitor.*

In Love with a Flirt

"A FRIEND of mine is playing second-lead in a big West-End theatrical success, and is making a lot of money. She is a charming girl and the daughter of a gentleman who is very well known in Society.

"She has many suitors, and is thinking of becoming engaged to the son of a millionaire, who is passionately fond of her, but whom she does not really love.

"Her real lover is a landed proprietor who has a nice house in Sussex. He is furious about his fiancée's amours with the millionaire's son, and threatens to shoot him. He says he will not lose my friend for anything on earth, and refuses to listen to reason. I have told him that a girl who changes her love as often as she changes her dress is not worth bothering about.

"Humanist" says: *Infatuated lovers are hard to reason with. You are quite right that your girl-friend is not playing the game. Get the angry lover's friends to expostulate with him—he may then see the light. My sympathy is with the millionaire's son.*

Penalty of Hesitation

"A YEAR last April I met a young man and fell in love with him, and have now got a baby. He has been paying me eight shillings a week, and we have been on very good terms until this week, when I told him I was going to swear the case. Now I have had a letter to say he is going to try and prove that my child belongs to someone else. He has also promised to marry me. What should I do?"

"Humanist" says: *Clearly you ought to have married him before, as you were in love with him and both on very good terms until you threatened him with legal proceedings—why, I do not understand. If you think his threat to repudiate you was merely a hasty impulse, overlook it and marry him. If you think it means he is a scoundrel, let him alone. You are the best judge of his character.*

Snobbery in Morals

"I AM a married woman who, as a child, was always brought up to observe the strictest moral conduct. My late father, a well-known North of England clergyman, had no sympathy for people who abused the laws of matrimony by living together.

"It is perhaps on account of my strict and religious upbringing that I can never feel sorry for those who bring trouble upon themselves by leading immoral lives. But I have lately wished that my views on this subject were not so strong, as my greatest friend has proved to be an unmarried mother.

"Her little boy, my own child's playmate, told me the other day in childlike innocence that his father's name was not the same as his mother's. It is a month since the father died, and it seems the child saw a name on the coffin which was not his own. I was amazed when I found that my friend had been living with the man under an assumed name for eleven years. The inquest proceedings, which were not reported in the Press, proves this. I am now in a quandary, as my friend still thinks I am unaware of her true character."

"Humanist" says: *The way to get out of your quandary is to pray to heaven for charity. Judge not that ye be not judged. Think less of your own irreproachable character and more of the trials and temptations that beset others.*

Hard Lines

"NEARLY nine months ago I met a boy whom I found a very good friend. At the time I was not thinking about a husband, but I very soon found he was my ideal. After going out with him for some time I received a letter from him stating that he had married a girl during the war who had left him while he was in France. After reading that, I realised how very much I cared for him, and although I tried hard to forget, I felt I could not give him up. I have no mother to ask advice of, and I have never told anybody the position I am in. It is impossible for him to get a divorce, as he does not know where his wife is and has no evidence of misconduct. The only way open to us is to live together. I have thought it well over and realise what a big step it would mean. We could not have any children, as I feel that would be wrong, as it would not give them a chance in the world at all, having no legal name. We are both miserable, and we could be quite happy if we took the only step open to us.

"Humanist" says: *Yours is a very hard case. Ask your lover to make another effort to find his deserting wife. Then if evidence of misconduct can be obtained the way is clear. If not, you are still young and may yet find untrammelled happiness.*

"HUMANIST" REPLIES

to those "Documents" not dealt with on the opposite page. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others

Wanted, a Chance.

"My husband was arrested for stealing a piece of sacking valued at 8s. and was discharged under the First Offenders' Act. Since then he has answered several advertisements for work, but his old employer, who gives him an excellent character as workman, always adds 'discharged for dishonesty.' No one will employ him through that."

Send me the address of the employer and I will write to him.

Romance in Real Life.

"When I was 10 years old, my mother's brother disappeared from home, and after six months' searching was reported dead. Last Christmas I went to Scotland for a holiday, and there met a man whom I now love very dearly. He came back home with me to meet my people, who liked him; and one day, by comparing photographs and notes, he turned out to be my own uncle—my mother's missing brother. And now my mother says no good can come of such a marriage."

A marriage between an uncle and a niece is illegal, and void. Bear this in mind, and tell it plainly to your new-found friend and long-lost relative.

A Widow's Ordeal.

"I am a widow and have two lodgers. One of them will not pay his account and threatens if I press him to assail my character and reputation. I cannot sleep at night."

The man is a bully and therefore a coward. Ask him to pay at once. If he refuses, go to a local court and tell your story to the magistrate. Incidentally show him this reply.

Out-of-work Lover.

"My lover has been out of work since we became engaged. He has a widowed mother to keep. We love each other, but he wants to give me my freedom. I want to stand by him."

Stand by him for better or for worse. The course of true love never did run smoothe. Help him to keep his courage, and remember that Heaven helps those who help themselves.

A Playwright's Neighbours.

"I have written a play and have been offered a good price for it. I wrote it for fun and put my friends and neighbours into it."

There are two ways out. If you have caricatured your neighbours unfairly you would be wise to produce the play elsewhere. America is a comparatively large place. Or, re-write the work and invent your characters.

Of Austrian Descent.

"The girl I am in love with was born in this country of an Austrian father. My people object to our marriage. What should I do?"

Marry the girl. She is English by birth and certainly had no responsibility for the Great War.

A Lost Jewel.

"My brother borrowed a diamond pin from a friend and lost it. The friend says it was worth twenty-five pounds. I believe it was not worth five. My brother in any case cannot pay more."

Let your brother be quite candid and offer to pay ten pounds. Help him to make it up—and then tell him not to go swanking about in borrowed plumes.

A Doctor's Blunder.

"My doctor made a mistake and diagnosed an ulcerated stomach as appendicitis. I was wrongly operated on. What can I do?"

Change your medical adviser. You can take an action for negligence, but it is very difficult to prove. Doctors do not guarantee their diagnoses.

Highbrow Respectability.

"I am a boy scout, decorated, in charge of several boys camping out for their summer holiday. I love the open air life, and do not want to go home again. I am sixteen and can earn my own living as a clerk. My people, who are snobs, keep me too near the line of highbrow respectability. I want to live the life of the free; they want to turn me into a barrister."

Your people want you to be a barrister; you prefer to be a clerk. Do not believe at sixteen that you have the monopoly of wisdom and that your parents are fools. The only evidence against them is—their son is a foolish and self-opinionated boy.

The Man's Fault.

"Married I left my wife and kept company with a girl, who has now two children. I want to do the right thing. Who should I stand by? I was at fault."

Your wife is blameless. She ought not to suffer. You must also help the girl you have betrayed, and your children.

Daughter's Choice.

"My father is a brute. He has for years led my dear mother an awful life. My brother is away at sea, and I live with them. I am at present on holiday with the boy I love and he wants me to get married right away. But for my mother's happiness I should."

Get married by all means. You and your brother could then help your mother at least as much as at present. You would have a husband to stand by you.

Undue Sensitiveness.

"Born with a cursedly sensitive nature—illegitimacy—this has always been an almost unbearable burden to me. I feel a worm amongst others and have many times contemplated suicide. But I have passed that stage, thank goodness, and I've my husband and child to live for."

Your husband has given you his name and you have recovered your sanity. You may be grateful for both these things. Go on and be happy.

Premature Anxiety.

"My little son, a chubby boy of thirteen keeps saying that he is in touch with his dead father in heaven. Often I go into his bedroom and find him talking in conversational tones, yet when I speak to him he seems amazed that I cannot talk to Daddy, too. I fear for his sanity."

Your child's conversation is the echo of the conversation he hears. Send him out to play with other boys. He will soon grow out of this morbid and reflected tendency.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Majors, Muddle and Mess

by HARRISON OWEN

EX-SERVICE men were numerous in the public galleries when Major Van den Bergh and Major Boyd, ex-officials of the Army and Navy Canteen Boards, were charged with recklessness in the handling of property not their own, when disposing of surplus canteen stores, and carelessness in handling the truth, when giving evidence before a Select Committee.

The shouts of derision with which their pleas of "Not guilty" were received by the ex-soldiers present were immediately suppressed.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said he knew nothing of the military records of Van den Bergh and Boyd, but their business records were deplorable.

In disposing of surplus canteen goods they had shown a consistent regard for the interests of their own friends and a marked indifference to those of taxpayers and of soldiers, sailors and ex-Service men, who, as a result of the prisoners' habit of selling in the cheapest market, had been deprived of much money.

"The accused Van den Bergh," continued Mr. Watchdog, "was the officer directly responsible for supervising the disposal of surplus stocks and, notwithstanding instructions that in private treaty sales competitive bids were to be obtained, not only were no such bids obtained in a considerable number of cases, but no proper comparison of prices realised at auction was made before arranging private sales. Furthermore, most of the goods sold at ridiculously low prices were sold to ex-officials of the Board who were friends of these muddling Majors.

"For example, six million cigarettes were sold to one Field, who obviously cannot be described as a "green" Field, at less than the duty that was paid on them. Van den Bergh attempted to explain this transaction by alleging that the contract was completed by his assistants after he had left for the East, but the Committee discovered that the contract was, in fact, completed a fortnight before the accused left.

"Having regard to the tricks his memory played him when he was giving evidence, Boyd is as much in need of a course of memory training as Van den Bergh. When asked why a Mr. Hyde had not paid a fine of £500 in connection with a deal that fell through, Boyd stated that as the goods had been resold at a profit of £1,750, he compassionately refrained from collecting the money due from Hyde. The Committee subsequently found out that (*a*) the goods were actually sold at a loss of £490; (*b*) Hyde was a friend of Boyd's. In the circumstances, it is scarcely surprising that the Committee decided that no reliance was to be placed on the evidence of these officers and gentlemen whose muddle and mismanagement, to use the mildest possible terms, have produced such deplorable results."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, said it was not reasonable to expect mere majors to reveal the business acumen of experienced financiers. He would admit that his clients had mixed up friendship with finance, but he was yet to learn that generosity to one's friends was a criminal offence. As for the slips of memory of which so much had been made, these were due to the fact that both these warriors were suffering from "sell shock" acquired while selling cigarettes, socks and sundries on a line extending from Whitehall to national bankruptcy and continuously within range of the nerve-racking noise made by falling prices and grinding axes.

The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty" without leaving the box.

Mr. Justice Bull said that some of the transactions in which the prisoners had been concerned were remarkable even in the amazing annals of post-war Whitehall finance. To gross incompetence in the discharge of their duties the two had added utter unreliability in the giving of evidence. They would both be reduced in rank to company cooks and handed over to a specially selected drill sergeant for six months' memory drill, during which time they would be confined behind red-tape entanglements.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelope "Pie.")

"North Eastern Gazette" (advt.):—"Ladies' Nappa KID GLOVES, really fine value, first-rate quality. To clear 2s. 11½d. PER YARD."

"Bulletin":—"Next day, when the Inspector arrived, all he found was a lot of empty kennels, and NOT A SOLITARY DOG, EXCEPT ONE CAT, to be seen!"

"People's Journal" (advt.):—"Stiff and WOOLLEN joints, lumbago and rheumatism, cured while you sleep."

"Daily Chronicle":—"Thrown from his bicycle IN THE MORNING, a young man named Rawlings, when descending a steep hill near Lose IN THE AFTERNOON crashed into a stone wall."

"Champion":—"As he looked upwards he saw that, beneath the handle at the top of the dome, there was a PERFECTLY CIRCULAR HOLE, about a FOOT SQUARE."

"Rocket":—"Jack pounced upon the one-eyed man, gripped his THROAT, and HAMMERED IT UPON THE SHINGLE."

"Daily Mail":—"One doctor says that ETHER IS PERFECTLY SAFE and CHLOROFORM DEADLY, and another contends that DEATHS FROM CHLOROFORM ARE COMMON and FROM ETHER RARE."

"Wolverhampton Express and Star":—"The newly-laid roadway, with its thick reinforced concrete foundation, was dislodged, and a portion of the roadway was torn up. The water was speedily turned off WITHOUT ANY DAMAGE BEING DONE."

"Woking News and Mail":—"The scene of the conflagration was 75, Goldsworth Road, where Mr. AND MRS. Geo. Huntley AND HIS WIFE have carried on business for the past eight years."

"Evening Express":—"The LEVEL is a GRADUAL SLOPE, and is worked by a rope."

"Yorkshire Evening Post":—"There is something like a glut of PEARS again this week-end, and they and new potatoes are easily the cheapest articles in the week-end VEGETABLE market."

I DO not remember having seen a more facile performance than that put up by the French three-year-old, Epinard. Not only did he win the Stewards' Cup with 8 st. 6 lb., but he won in a hack canter by two lengths, and he would certainly have won if, instead of carrying 8st. 6 lb., he had carried as much as 9 st.

* * *

Meteoric.

I am not so sure that the best performance, apart from the winner's, was not that of Meteoric, who came late on the scene and was close up fourth. As I said last week, there is a certainty that Epinard is something out of the ordinary; there is a possibility that he is phenomenal. I am satisfied that the Tetrarch himself, as a three-year-old, even if he had retained his earlier form, could not have done any better.

* * *

The Knight.

The exalted view that I took of Knight of the Garter will have to be revised, though I think the horse that beat him, Halcyon, is one that is going to make a name for himself. He ran all over the shop, seemed to be bumping everything in the race except the winner, and yet finished stoutly. On the other hand, by no stretch of imagination could the King's horse be said to have put up a performance that entitles him to respect. He had his ears back, and when Jones pushed him and asked him for just a little more the horse failed miserably to respond.

* * *

A Good Fellow.

Mr. Miller, the owner of Hunting Song, Bart Snowball, Milewater, etc., is one of those personalities it is a pleasure to meet. Though a racing man in the truest sense of the word, he makes no mystery about his horses, and the comment he offered before the race was: "If you take twelve to one, you are taking a false price—he may win, but he'll want all the luck there is." As a matter of fact, he could not have won even with extraordinary good luck.

* * *

The Aeroplane Nuisance.

I understood that there was a rule in existence that aeroplanes were not allowed to fly over crowded places. This rule is being constantly broken, and the advertising aeroplane in particular is becoming an infernal nuisance. It is time that the Jockey Club moved in the matter and approached the Air Ministry with a request that the law of avoiding crowded places be strictly enforced, or that some enterprising policeman take the number of the machine and summons the pilot for flying to the common danger. It would be a novel prosecution, but it has got to come sooner or later.

* * *

The Queen in the Ring.

It is a very unusual circumstance to see the Queen in the saddling ring, but Her Majesty was present to watch the preparation of Knight of the Garter, and went up into the ladies' paddock stand to see the finish.

* * *

"Shopping" Owners.

I have had an interesting letter from a very well-known owner, who writes:

"When I was in South America I read a paragraph of yours on the shopping owner, and I must say that I cordially agree with your sentiments. In fact, they represent the most intelligent view of racing that I have ever seen. The owner who is not a rich man and can only keep his stable going by betting at long intervals, and betting fairly heavily obviously cannot hope to get out on the year if every time he has a certainty, he tells his friends.

A Bitter Experience.

"I have had a bitter experience of this about ten years ago. I had a horse entered at Newmarket for the Long Course Selling Plate. I had tried the horse, a certainty, and I must tell you that at the time I was going very badly, and it was absolutely necessary that I should pull off a big win. My agent in London arranged to put me on £800 a few minutes before the off, and as the horse had not been seen in public for a year, I was certain of getting 10/1 or 100/8 to my money.

* * *

Telling a Friend.

"Very foolishly I went into the paddock to see the horse saddled, and a very dear friend of mine—a man I had known since he was a boy—came up to me and asked me what chance my horse had. He told me he had had a very bad week, and I told him in confidence that I expected my horse to win, but asked him not to back it too heavily and preferably away.

* * *

And What He Did.

"When the market settled down, my horse was amongst the 100/7 others, but within five minutes of flag fall it had come down from that rate to 9/4, and started at 15/8. Not only did my 'friend' put £1,000 on in the ring, but he told *his* friends that my horse couldn't be beaten.

"The next time I had a good thing, I met him (this was at Gatwick) and he asked me whether my horse had a chance, and I told him that the horse would finish nearer last than first, and that I hadn't backed it for a penny. It won handsomely, and now he doesn't speak to me.

"I can only say that I wish I had never spoken to him. You either shop your friends, or you are shopping yourself and your wife and your family, and I prefer to shop my friends."

Sports and by ROWLEY

NEWMARKET NOTES.

Brighton Three-year-old Handicap.

Duteous is fairly well up in the handicap, but I have a high opinion of this filly, who has been going extremely well in some fast gallops lately. She is heavily engaged and will go close for the race selected. Pickering has been paying particular attention of late to Earlestown, and this stable would like to win here. Free From Pride is consistent, and on his best form has a great chance. I prefer Valparaiso to Maingaff. A good outside chance is held by Discobolus. On the whole, I think the best here will be Earlestown.

* * *

St. Leger.

Preparation has been begun for the last of the classics. Doric has been given some long, steady gallops with The Villager, and no horse will have a better preparation. Moreover, the course will suit him better than did the sharp Epsom course. If all goes well, I shall be surprised if he does not turn the tables on Papyrus, which has also started good work again, after having been eased. He does not, however, seem to stride out in such good style as before the Derby. If Doric keeps well, I think he will reach a short price, and go very near winning.

* * *

Ebor Handicap.

Irish Belfry is being specially prepared for this, and will have to be reckoned with. She was sent to Liverpool to run, but the ground was too hard to risk her, and her connections have hopes of carrying off this prize. On soft ground Bellman would be very dangerous. There is a good race to be won with Ceylonese, but I don't think it will be until the autumn. Pride of Ulster, Argo and Tanglewood will all be placed to win races when the going is to their liking, as also will Despot, which is striding out just now in capital style. At the present time I like nothing better than Irish Belfry.

The De Warrenne Handicap.

Joss House is at the top of his form now. He is heavily engaged, and will take a lot of beating for his selected race. Witty is very fast, and a winner over the course, but I prefer others on this occasion. First Magic may be dangerous. Retaliate has done well since finishing second to Blarney Stone at Alexandra Park. To sum up, if Joss House goes to the post I shall expect to see him score; in his absence, I think Retaliate (Perryman up) will win.

* * *

Brookside Maiden Plate.

I shall be surprised if Bellona, which has been going well in gallops, is not soon returned a winner. Her form, on the only occasion she has been seen out, bears inspection, she having run a good second to the useful Wykeham. She will run in this race, and must have my vote.

* * *

Although Mrs. Fall has yet to catch the judge's eye, I am sure she will do so in due course. She made a very good show when running third to Bessema for the Summer Handicap at Newmarket, and since then she has done well in some really good gallops. I understand she will be seen out at Folkestone, with Chubb Leach claiming the allowance as her pilot, and she should not be allowed to run loose.

* * *

Three-year-old Handicap, Folkestone.

A moderate field will be seen here, and I think the race will come to headquarters, through the medium of Maple Sugar. She has been running over shorter courses, but there is no doubt about her staying the mile and a quarter. Specially prepared for this race, she will be ridden by Chubb Leach, and is fancied very much by her connections. Boatswain has also done plenty of work, and has been going well with Prince Herod and others from Darling's stable; but I prefer Maple Sugar, and know that those who support her will have a good run for their money, as she will be ridden out for a place.

* * *

The Cinque Ports Welter, Folkestone.

Only a few horses trained here are entered in this event, and I have not much confidence that we shall send the winner. His Majesty has two animals who can do duty for him, Sonora and Archangel, but I have not a high opinion of either. R. Day also has two, Lensfield and Witty, between whom there is very little difference. Crimson Sun is disappointing, and our only other competitor is Crossjack, which I shall take to be our best. Although never having run into a place, he has never been so forward in condition as now, and I shall expect to see him make a bold show. In any case, he will win shortly, even if he is absent or fails to win here.

* * *

Argos Lass.

This filly is going in such capital style just now that I feel confident she is a certain winner very shortly. She is much straighter in condition than when running second to Skivick with a big field of fairly useful horses behind, and I recommend that she be closely watched.

* * *

A recent addition to Boyd-Rochfort's string is Murky Past, which has been running in Ireland. Judging by the way he goes with Cistercian and other horses from the same stable, I should advise that he be followed next time out over about a mile.

* * *

If Princess du Quarts is seen out shortly for a maiden plate, she will be a pretty good thing. She goes with rare dash and freedom. Make a note of this one.

* * *

Kitty Tyrrel has been a tip for a long time, and I feel sure this grey daughter of Kildare II. is bound to win a race, for the way she gallops with such useful animals as Appleby and others in the same string. When the nursery season starts she should be watched.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

The best performance at Goodwood was that of Trossach Girl.

* * *

It is always even money against Trossach getting off. He was left twelve lengths.

* * *

Gray is a wonderful horseman until he starts using his whip.

* * *

Ironbridge is a good horse in his own class, which is a first-class selling race.

* * *

Kinnaird will win a little race.

* * *

Neither Joss House nor London Cry are over generous.

* * *

One to look for in the near future is Frank Joseph.

* * *

Two of my Two-Year-Old Handicap have blotted their copybooks—Beresford distinctly cut it.

* * *

Look out for my Two-Year-Old Handicap next week.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

BRIGHTON (Wednesday).

2. 0 College Green (Jingu, Phlox).
2.30 Hunting Song (Compiler, Volunteer).
3. 0 Tens of Money (Envoy, Ninon).
3.30 Double Up (Clochnaben, Plas Newydd).
4. 0 Sonsena (Household Brigade).
4.30 Erne (Jennie Wise g., Grand Polly).
5. 0 Oh! Dick (Yarta).

BRIGHTON (Thursday).

2. 0 Judith O'Malley (London Pride, Rackway).
2.30 Ulva Ferry (Pomona).
3. 0 Valparaiso (Vic's Choice, Torlonia).
3.30 Gaily Strickland (Desperation, Standfast).
4. 0 Kitten on the Keys (Chronometer, Mink).
4.30 Black Orator (Sans Guerre, Imperial).

LEWES (Friday).

1.30 Chicago (Playful, Badnabay).
2. 0 Jingu (Peniola, White Cat).
2.30 Eaton Maid (Home Fire, Katie).
3. 0 Envoy (Love Letter, Morning Star).
3.30 Friar's Daughter (Merriment, Imprudence).
4. 0 Well Wisher (Toyotama, Argos Lass).
4.25 Sunrising (Bird Call, Trajanus).

LEWES (Saturday).

1.30 Spring Signaling (Stronsay, Erne).
2. 0 Jewess (Tornado).
2.30 Cedfeni (Lady Shimmer).
3. 0 Home Fire (Noce d'Argent).
3.30 Nous Verrons (Son o' Love, Silvester).
4. 0 Ulysses (Poobah).
4.30 Trossach Girl (Toyotama).

AYR (Friday).

TRIAL PLATE.—Vivian (Dreamy Dora).
DOON PLATE.—Hunting Mora (Sure Gold).
MONTROSE HANDICAP.—Forerunner (Piccadilly).
CRAIGENGILLAN PLATE.—Oakwood (Merriment, Rhythm).
MONTGOMERIE HANDICAP. — Ornamentation (Emulsion).
APPRENTICE STAKES.—Gopi (Dragoon).

AYR (Saturday).

STEWARD'S HANDICAP.—Balzac (Serve).
CARRICK PLATE.—Indian Game (Golden Spear).
EGLINTON H'CAP.—Ethereal (Toe Eagle).
KYLE PLATE.—Double Gift (Phalaris Harry).
CRAIGIE STAKES.—Up Garryowen (Skylark).
AUCHINCRUIVE STAKES. — Hermanville (Sale Ticket).

Sportsmen MILE

ALL KINDS OF SPORTS.

Philip Mead is surpassing himself as a consistent run-getter. Over two thousand runs to date at an average of nearly ninety! This is pretty good going for a man the pavilion critics have been labelling as a veteran. As a matter of fact, Mead has been getting his runs more quickly this year than he has ever done before. He is not merely a "sticker," like the Middlesex left-hander, H. L. Dales. He can smite a loose ball as hard as anybody. And in the slips there is precious little that ever gets past him.

* * *

Hope for the Hop County.

It is a great pity the return match between Kent and Surrey was ruined by rain. Kent have not been up to their usual strength this season, but with the addition of J. L. Bryan to the side now that the holidays are here, and the return to form of L. P. Hedges, they should pick up a bit before stumps are drawn for the season.

* * *

An Unusual Theory.

"Jack" Bryan is spoken of as a future all-England batsman. He is the best amateur left-hander in the kingdom. Strangely enough, he is by nature right-handed. He has a theory that all left-handers should bat right-handed, and *vice versa*. His argument is that a cricketer's stroke is really made by the top hand, and that therefore the strongest hand should be at the top of the bat. I once argued with him about it for more than half an hour one rainy afternoon. I am afraid he wins few converts, but certainly the theory has answered very well in his own case.

* * *

August 25.

Only another fortnight and football will be in full swing again. The close season has seemed interminable to the footer enthusiast this year—and we're all footer enthusiasts! It is too early yet to talk of prospects and chances. The first few weeks should show us which way the wind blows.

* * *

Spurs' Anxious.

The Spurs' practice games this season will be more important than usual. At the end of last season there were signs that one or two of the stalwarts were getting beyond it, and there will be no ready-made team this time. McWilliam is not the sort of man to rely on reputations, and the youngsters will get every chance. Elkes of Southampton will bring some necessary weight into the forward line, and incidentally his transfer will not surprise readers of JOHN BULL, since they were told early in the year that McWilliam went expressly to a Fulham-Southampton match to see Elkes play. I think he will be a big success at Hart Lane, as he is clever as well as big.

* * *

End of a Star.

Even the best players have to get out of the game at some time or another, but there will be many regrets at the retirement of McMenemy, one of the greatest Scottish forwards of any time. McMenemy was such an expert dribbler that he could tap the ball from the inside of one boot to the inside of the other, and many a half-back has told me how bewildering it was.

* * *

Novel Finance.

The suggestion of the players of a certain Scottish club that, instead of a fixed wage, they should split fifteen per cent. of the profits, is novel but not sound, and you can bet it did not come from a place where there could be any danger of a loss on the season. Fancy a pro playing about forty hard matches for nothing!

* * *

Champion of Europe.

There is not the slightest doubt that Bugler Lake is Britain's most promising boxer at the present moment. His clever victory over Ledoux at the Albert Hall marks him as a master of his craft. The Frenchman started off like a whirlwind, but Lake weakened the opening storm and out-pointed his opponent for the rest of the encounter. Ledoux, a game loser, got the generous applause that only a sporting British crowd can give. And so another title comes home to us—Bugler Lake, Champion of Europe. We're not doing so badly!

BUGLER LAKE.

* * *

A Love Match.

The only thing that should be said of the Kid Lewis—Auggie Ratner contest is—Why isn't there an age-limit for boxers? A disappointing bout, my masters, with two rather tired men (long since past their best) wrestling and holding all night. When they weren't wrestling, they seemed to be locked in a loving embrace, and at least several sportsmen in the Hall confided to me that the sight took them back to happy nights by the sea! The one thing that spoiled the love match, however, was the bad feeling shown by both contestants.

* * *

Hall Loses.

Another bout in which the men preferred wrestling to boxing was that between Seaman Hall and Paul Fritsch. Hall undoubtedly took the eye for science, and after doing most of the clever work it was rather disappointing to see the decision go to Fritsch. That the spectators were annoyed was clearly shown.

* * *

American Thoroughness.

Over fifty years ago golf was introduced into America. To-day there are twice as many golf courses in the States as there are in the British Isles. When the Americans adopt anything they certainly do it thoroughly. Got to hand it to Unk Sam, boys!

* * *

Doing Nicely, Thanks!

We're climbing back! The British athletic victory over France by 69 points to 42 is another indication of our return to power in the sports field. The once-popular assertion that we are "a done nation" hasn't been heard so much of late. One of these days we might even think of the Olympic Games without blushing.

* * *

Turn Again, Whittington!

So the last race has been run on the ancient course at Whittington—a course dating from the seventeenth century. The local corporation have acquired parliamentary powers to abolish the meeting, but though the racing goes, the memory remains. And there are some funny tales to be told of Old Whittington. On one occasion during a race a jockey stopped for refreshment at a public house! 'Nuff said!

DISTRESSED IRISH LOYALISTS.

ONE has only to recollect the magnificent services rendered to the Empire during the war by the gallant lads from Erin's Isle to feel sympathy with the efforts of the Irish Loyalists' Appeal Association, to which a reference will be found elsewhere in this issue. It is nothing short of scandalous that those who remained loyal throughout the ferment of rebellion through which Ireland has passed should be neglected and ignored by the British Government. The extent of the sufferings of these people, men, women and children, is not generally realised. Many have been rendered homeless and destitute after undergoing systematic persecution, and have at last found themselves exiled from their own country without means of sustenance. The response to the efforts of the Appeal Committee, which is headed by Lord Willoughby de Broke and the Earl of Ranfurly, G.C.M.G., is already gratifying, but the amount of distress is so appalling that much more is required if the situation is to be adequately relieved.

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AND
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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

"John Bull" warmly recommends the appeal of St. Paul's Hospital and has itself sent a cheque for £10 towards the funds of this institution. "John Bull" appeals to each and every reader for THEIR help. Give your practical support to this splendid cause. You may win a big prize—in any event you are assisting a deserving charity.

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Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

The Poor Man's Car.

A great outcry is spreading amongst the Urban and Rural District Councils and small boroughs against the so-called charabanc's noisy occupants. The opposition to the poor man's car does not really come from these authorities but from the Stiggins' and kill-joys who have managed to get on these Councils, and want Sunday traffic stopped. When one lives in such districts and sees the happy and joyous faces of the charabanc travellers, it seems good to be alive.—*E. A. R., Guildford.*

More Deadly than Air-raids.

The figures given of street accidents from traffic—for London only—make one think furiously. Take other accidents such as fits, drowning, fractures, etc., what is the daily toll of these all over the country? Life is becoming faster and faster, motors, motor-cycles and cycles are ever on the increase. Surely the time has arrived when first-aid classes should be included in the curriculum of all schools. Is anyone justified in accepting the benefits from the knowledge acquired voluntarily by others (and who knows when they may need it?) if they for their part refuse to acquire that knowledge themselves for the benefit of their fellow men?—*W. R. M., Llanelly.*

Juvenile Punishments.

The crowd of parents at Lowestoft had just cause for showing disapproval when the assault case was dismissed. Children can be punished for faults by other methods than wounding the body. I speak from experience, and maintain that a few severe words, together with simple advice urging the offenders to aim at higher ideals, take firmer root than all the bodily inflictions put together. These penalties often harden the somewhat callous and daring individuals, but when given to those who don't possess such "stamina," the effects show more mental harm. Severity must be practised at times by those in command, but kindness and simple advice help to perfect good discipline.—*S. A., Barton.*

Cranks and Competitions.

There is one good thing we learn from the present reign of "kill-joys" in America; they provide us with examples of what our own "cranks" would do for us if we gave them enough rope. Having established prohibition, and seized drink belonging to other people's ships, they are turning their attention to the competitions for cash prizes running in English newspapers on sale in U.S.A. The kill-joys have decided that these competitions are bad for American morals, and therefore they must be blacked out of the magazines with smudges of printer's ink before the would-be competitor can buy the paper. Could a more ridiculous state of affairs be imagined?—*G. Morgan, Wolstanton, Staffs.*

Stigma of the Workhouse.

An ex-Service man who was severely wounded in the head in France, and was marked for work has been very ill this last month. As a result he is now a physical wreck and unfit for work. His income is barely £1 a week, and the poor man has a wife and two children to keep. He applied personally to the Guardians for relief, but was disgusted and embittered at the answer he received. The Guardian people refused him help, but "generously" offered him a ticket to enable his wife and children to go to the workhouse. Surely these officials can treat a man with respect and sympathy, instead of adding to his troubles by such uncouth methods.—*H. C. Davies, Brownhills, Staffs.*

Milk Maniacs.

When will action be taken against producers of milk from diseased cows? At present there are hundreds of tubercular cows in this country, and their owners know it. The milk from these animals is mixed with the pure milk and retailed to the public. In some counties veterinary inspectors appointed by the County Council examine the cows every quarter. Some are condemned, and he orders them to be got rid of (not destroyed) and their milk not to be used. In many cases the cow or cows are got rid of just before the inspector's next visit, and in the meantime their milk has been sent out as usual.—*B. C., Pentherst.*

Real and False Economy.

We are continually exhorted to economise, but there seems room for definitive teaching on the subject. False economy is that reduction of expenditure or curtailment of necessities that begets misery and discomfort. For instance, meagre meals or scanty fires may save food and coal, but they result in cheerless homes and doctor's bills. Real economy is cutting down extravagance and seeking to secure the maximum of comfort and benefit at the minimum of toil and expense. It allows of little in the way of luxury, but makes the best of necessities, and utilises time, labour, and money only for those things absolutely essential to the health and well-being of oneself, one's intimates, and the nation.—*Mrs. Durant, Birmingham.*

Wasted Time in Commons.

Parliamentary procedure has faults, but there is one way in particular wherein a great improvement may be brought about. I refer to the time wasted on paltry and impossible Bills. There was Mr. Scrymgeour's Prohibition Bill. The result, obvious and inevitable, nevertheless, was valuable time, ink and patience wasted. Lady Astor's Bill was such another. Not even friend or foe looked upon it as being worthy of consideration, its object being so trivial. At the same time the Government had on their programme the Rent Bill and a Housing Bill, both of the most vital importance to the nation. What is wanted is the elimination of impossible and paltry Bills which have no possible or likely chance of becoming law.—*S. B. M., Maryhill, Glasgow.*

Accept "John Bull's" offer to send you the Treasure Book of Knowledge before you pay for it.

See page 28

Cure for Horse Cruelty.

Every carman should hold a licence issued by the police, at a low cost, say, a shilling per annum, and when a man is guilty of ill-treating a horse or working or causing to be worked, an unfit one, he should have his licence endorsed in the same way as motorists. The probability of being deprived of their means of livelihood will be a great deterrent to callous drivers.—*A. B., Barking.*

Juryman's Grievance.

A juryman on being served with a call is obliged to attend court despite matters of a personal nature. As not infrequently happens he is a working man to whom the loss of a day or several days' work is a big item. In addition, his travelling expenses, unless the judge sees fit or remembers to make a grant for them, have to be borne with the loss of work. To relieve this, a ruling should be passed to enable the poor juryman to demand an amount equal to his loss and expenditure. —*P. J. Wheelwright, High Wycombe, Bucks.*

Cruelty in Hospitals.

The alleged cruel treatment of Baby Bullock who died after an operation at the Downs' Hospital for Children imperatively calls for a full enquiry. Nurses are as a rule not too squeamish over the infliction of pain upon patients (especially non-paying) at such institutions, and when in spite of professional *esprit de corps*, two nurses accuse the doctor of cruel treatment, the matter must not be hushed up. Either the two nurses are inconceivably wicked women who trumped up the charge out of personal animus, or else the doctor acted in a brutally callous manner. The public should be satisfied that such treatment as was alleged in this case cannot be indulged in with impunity.—*Edward Jones, Bethnal Green.*

Foreign Immigrants.

It is about time Britain revised its Immigration Laws. We have already a population exceeding our resources, and yet emigration is encouraged while allowing immigration; and thus we are getting rid of some of our finest specimens of men only to fill their places with foreigners of an inferior type. Every other country has found it necessary to check indiscriminate immigration—especially America and our Colonies. At times immigrating foreigners have been refused by the American authorities, and sent back. The aliens who come have nothing to recommend them, nothing to teach us, except the capacity of working for a minimum wage. Britain could check immigration as easily as America.—*Albert W. Stace, Acton Vale, London, W.3.*

Prosperous Pests.

A very profitable fake-scheme of certain mendicants and pests just now is that of cadging for religious missions, and they are making such a good thing out of it that they can put up at first-class establishments and hotels. That the objects for which they solicit subscriptions are genuine saves the skins of the fraudsters should inquiries be made, but there is grave reason for stating that only a very small percentage of money paid to them is ever handed over. The officials of the missions and institutions are to blame for the game being a prosperous and safe one for swindlers. Genuine collecting books and forms should not be interfered as they are, and those to whom they are supplied should be compelled to account for them and every penny received.—*Mrs. C. T., Rugby.*

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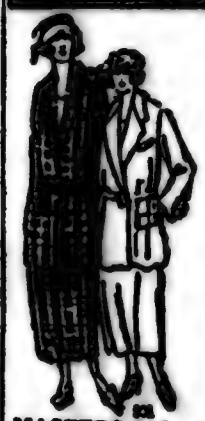

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Therefore, anyone who notices suspicious symptoms should never say, "Oh, it is impossible that I have caught it; she was quite all right," but should go to a doctor or clinic at once.
Those who are in doubt or difficulty may write to the Hon. Medical Secretary, National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 102a, Dean Street, Oxford St., London, W. 1, where free information can be obtained in strict confidence.

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John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

X. Y. Z. (Portsmouth).—"Is there any advantage in having a big head?" It might amuse the kiddies.

R. T. (Kingston).—"The London police are a fine body of men." Yes! Most arresting.

A. W. (Wakefield).—"I always picture you as rather good-looking." The wife called us a beauty the other day, anyhow.

G. A. (Aldershot).—"We always seem to be in a mess these days in the Army." Hope it's the Sergeant's Mess you're in.

SPORT (Leeds).—"Tishy is certain to win a decent race yet." Then, being deceased, it's a dead certainty.

D. S. (Newcastle).—"Some women can't help being cats!" Just as some men can't help being dogs.

G. M. (Bow).—"The average M.P. doesn't count." We're none too good at arithmetic ourselves.

T. R. G. (Tring).—"I see quite a lot of 'Old Bills' every day." Then why don't you pay them?

W. S. (Leeds).—"JOHN BULL is always fair." And there's no reason why we should keep it dark.

M. C. (Ipswich).—"Do you believe in heredity?" We're the proof of it. Our grandfather was a great man.

M. M. G. (Pudsey).—"All my beans have got the blight." Then they're has-beens.

W. A. (Hyde).—"Money goes just half as far as it used to." And twice as quickly.

STOCKLEY (Jarrow).—"I've lost a lot of weight since the hot weather came in." And we've lost a lot since flat racing started.

R. D. (Benfleet).—"My neighbour's cockerels wake me up every morning. What should I do?" Sell your alarm clock.

T. K. (Glasgow).—"There are 800,000 unemployed in the country, speaking roughly." And we don't wonder that they're speaking roughly.

F. O. (Barrhead).—"We see too many barefaced boys aping men." And we've noticed a few bald-headed men aping boys.

B. J. (Swindon).—"I have too many home cares." Cheer up! Thousands wouldn't worry about the cares if they only had the homes.

J. McK. (Bishopbriggs).—"After all, you must admit there's a lot to admire in the Scotch." Sure! We're great admirers of their spirit, for instance.

G. G. (Burnley).—"Who is fooling the Government?" Some ass.

W. E. N. (Hove).—"Labour is better off than ever it was." That's capital!

T. N. (Stoke).—"You can enjoy golf without being good at it." We do.

B. I. B. (Poole).—"Men simply can't help being selfish." And women simply can't help telling them about it.

D. S. R. (Harrow).—"Would you like a brace of peasants?" We wouldn't mind a pair of braces.

G. G. (Tulse Hill).—"There isn't work enough for half the music hall artistes." Then they should take it in turns.

D. A. E. (Willesden).—"The marks they give school children mean nothing." Depends, of course, on where the marks are.

READER (Croydon).—"I love romance." Then you'll make an ideal wife for some lucky fellow.

MRS. C. (Cardiff).—"Every man wants a woman to look after him." Hence the popularity of the glad eye.

A. B. (Durham).—"Father doesn't want me to get married." Experience tells!

J. B. READER (Swansea).—"It's up to the young man to get on." And to the young woman to get off.

T. S. (London, W.).—"I see some paper wants to discover the most popular man in Britain." Yes, we're trembling in our shoes lest they come Long Acre way.

SMILES (Chatham).—"Why are soldiers on leave forced to travel in uniform?" How'd we know they were soldiers if they didn't?

A. B. (Penshurst).—"I have been working with cows for many years." So, naturally, you write to JOHN BULL about it.

S. W. B. (Clapham).—"It's certain there is something behind the opposition to the new South London tube." We take it you mean something underground.

J. W. (Leyton).—"I'm getting married, but I'm not telling a soul." Be as well if you let your fiancee know, wouldn't it?

SYMPATHISER (Brecon).—"Are we growing heartless?" Personally our heart grows more and more like a boarding house every day.

M. W. (——).—"Hoping the eagle eye of your paper will not rest until justice is done." But what about the other eye, the one with the monocle?

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

EQUITY (Hanwell).—"Complete socialism is a dream." Or a nightmare.

KAYO (Bootle).—"Phrenology is a science." Sure! with bumps on.

N. M. (Edinburgh).—"Catch the boy and you have the man." But it costs so much to keep him till he grows up.

E. A. P. (Croydon).—"I have no objection to people being cautious." Scottish readers please note.

B. I. (Manchester).—"Banking in this country is decidedly one-sided." So's our pass-book.

C. H. (Liverpool).—"Tram-cars run on their own lines." And according to the Corporation Bye laws.

F. A. (Boscombe).—"I've had three proposals in a fortnight." But what about the amendments?

A. G. (Leamington).—"What *is* a Sheik?" An Arab, but nothing to make a song about.

J. Y. F. (Oxford).—"Billiards ruin more young men than gambling." We've seen a lot of them going to pot.

T. F. (Chelsea).—"I have to work to live." Then we see no possible reason why you should stop working.

S. D. (Birkenhead).—"What we want is a minimum wage." Not on your life, sir! The maximum for us every time.

W. F. W. (Wandsworth).—"If some people had their deserts, they'd spend their vacation in jail." And think of the p.c.'s they could send us!

TWELVE-AND-SIX (Dewsbury).—"The way the small shopkeeper is treated is a crying shame." And here we've mislaid our handkerchief.

H. H. J. (Cambridge).—"Why should the weakest go to the wall?" Frequently it gives them an opportunity to prove themselves bricks.

M. A. G. (Gloucester).—"I have been a reader of your paper for a good many years." Then you've had a good many years good reading.

T. B.-K. (Hammersmith).—"When it comes to editing a paper, I can give you a wrinkle or two." As it happens we're got more than we want already.

J. K. (Bletchley).—"Hope I'm not pulling your leg, but what becomes of the old moon?" Possibly it goes into mo(u)rning.

I. McG. (Dalston).—"You know the story of the man who discovered porridge." We don't. It sounds like a cereal, anyhow.

SALTASH (——).—"Hold your wrist under the cold water tap the next time we have a heat wave." But, with our climate, it'll probably be frozen by the time we get there.

Hurry up and put one in your holiday hitbag!

2/6 Everpointed Pencil FREE!

See page 2.

B. B. (Scarborough).—"Bright colours suit me best." Then you're often in the pink.

DARKIE (Leigh Beck).—"How about joining our Cretonne shirt brigade?" Not in these plus-fours.

A. S. C. (Finsbury Park).—"If no use please destroy this as tripe." We've ordered the onions.

GEORGE (Coventry).—"A leopard cannot change its spots." Neither can a cocoanut its milk.

F. W. (Perth).—"The people here need wakening up with something hot and strong." Try mustard plasters.

ETHEL (Norwich).—"Where is the London exodus?" On the left hand side coming in.

T. H. (Bolton).—"The sleeveless dresses of to-day are really comical." Reveal the funny bones, as it were?

DELIGHTED (Saltcoats).—"Yours is a priceless paper." We'll let you have it for tuppence a time.

TINY (Birmingham).—"I am continually striving to achieve greatness." What's your weight now?

GLADYS (Sunderland).—"My whole life has been one long blissful dream." All right. Now get back to bed.

O. G. (Fort William).—"I hate people who shout in one's face." Sort of puts you out first "bawl."

F. G. H. (Bradford).—"Very few people nowadays seem to think for themselves." After reading your note we should be inclined to say "obviously."

L. T. B. (Preston).—"My affection has lately turned to hate." On several occasions recently our milk has turned sour.

SLUMPER (Morpeth).—"No doubt you've seen some queer sights in your time." We have, but your photograph takes some beating.

TOMMY (Jarrow).—"I have been greatly impressed by your wonderful articles." Sheer modesty restricts our reply to "thank you."

PETER (Dundee).—"Among those who turn up their noses at me are people who live in glass houses." Sure you're not mistaking their noses for bulbs?

MRS. — (——).—"You invite people to write you." Certainly! and expect them to include their names and addresses so that we can reply to them.

MYSTIFIED (Barrow).—"Have you ever had a cat that occasionally goes mad, staring mad?" No, we cannot say truthfully that our inclinations have taken us in that direction.

DISAPPOINTED WAITRESS (Hartlepool).—"The alleged superiority of the waitresses' life is not a reality." The first tip we've ever received from a waitress.

M. J. R. (Rottingdean).—"Could I win a 'Bullets' Prize with a musical joke?" It's unlikely. Most of them have already been borrowed from "Bullets."

E. A. (London).—"You never give the devil his due." Sorry, but we've nothing due to him.

A. G. (Swansea).—"Our ancestors were just savages eating raw fish." For Soles!

H. R. (Bolton).—"Sixty of my chickens have died. What shall I do?" Bury them.

L. P. J. (Leith).—"I'm a bit curious as to how far we are going." Hope you won't be long or get lost.

R. B. S. (Shrewsbury).—"Nothing is served for a purpose." Quite. But the purpose is to keep the doctor alive.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

What to Take for SICK HEADACHE

Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. A few doses restore your organs to their proper functions and the Headache and the causes of it pass away. In the same manner *They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation.*

Genuine must bear signature— *Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price*

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"These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It does not colour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

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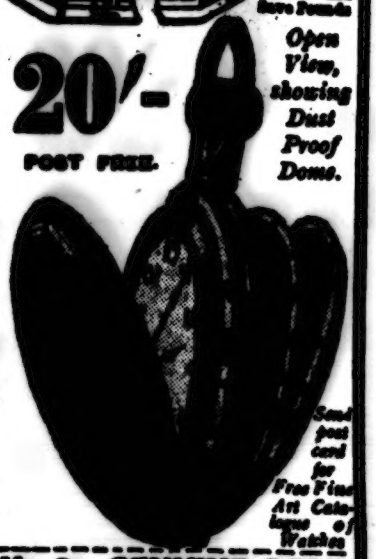

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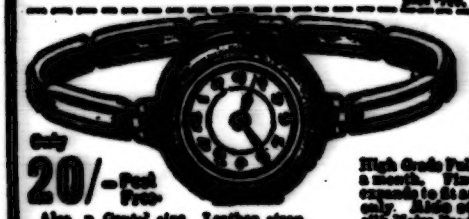

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GOLD-BRAIDED JOBS

Sailors Who Don't Care

IT has long been the practice of the Admiralty officials, on the frequent occasions when they find time hanging heavily on their hands, to launch fierce attacks at other Government Departments.

We agree there is plenty of room for criticism of the administration of all the Whitehall palaces for tired heroes and bored officials. But we are far from agreeing that the Admiralty itself in any way resembles Cæsar's wife in being "above suspicion." We have not forgotten that the Admiralty was the only Department which objected to the findings of the Geddes Committee. It is a past master in the art of finding fault with other Departments, and its recent attempt to abolish the Air Ministry and obtain control of the arm of the public defence which will probably be the most important of all in days to come, throws an interesting side-light on the mental attitude of its officials. They want to be the big noise—and they want things all their own way. It is high time their administrative methods were examined in the cold light of day.

We do not hesitate to say that the economy axe needs to be swung vigorously in this Department and that a drastic pruning is long overdue.

* * *

There is a little book printed every year by order of the House of Commons. Its title is "Navy Estimates for the Year." It makes interesting reading, but unfortunately its price, 15s., puts it beyond the reach of that section of the public which likes to know what becomes of the money it pays in taxation.

An examination of the three hundred pages of this book reveals that the cost of Naval administration is increasing by leaps and bounds. Everywhere highly paid Naval officers are replacing lesser-paid civilians. Take the Dockyard Department at Whitehall, for example. In 1914, the head of this section was a technical civilian drawing £1,500 per annum. To-day it is controlled by a Rear-Admiral Director, who is being paid £2,100 a year. Moreover, in case the work should be too strenuous for one bluff and hearty sailor, he is given the assistance of a Deputy-Director drawing £1,200 a year and a bonus of about £300. There are also two Assistant Directors, one for Engineering and one for Electrical Engineering. The former, being a sailor, draws £2,047 a year. The latter, a mere civilian, gets the modest sum of £983 with a bonus of about £350.

Thus the startling fact is revealed that the Assistant Director gets £550 a year more than his own chief, simply because he is one of the boys in blue.

* * *

In the Dockyards themselves, the same state of affairs exists. At Sheerness, the Chief Constructor, controlling about nine hundred men, gets in all £950 a year. The Chief Engineer begins with a salary of £1,095 and rises to £1,368. One of these gentlemen is a Naval officer, the other is not. We give our readers one guess as to which is which.

At Pembroke, the position is the same, only worse, as the Irishman said. Here an Engineer Captain controlling 540 men gets a salary of over £1,000. The Admiralty evidently has some compunction about paying him such a miserable wage, for it has thrown in a free residence with coal, wood, electric light and other "perks" for nothing.

Turning to the figures for two comparable Departments at Whitehall, that of the Naval Engineer-in-Chief and that of the Civilian Director of Naval Construction, we find that the fourteen Naval officers at the head of the former draw £20,100 between them, whereas the corresponding fourteen civilian officers of the latter divide a mere flea-bite of £13,600.

* * *

This principle of over-paying men because they wear uniform obtains throughout the Admiralty. Not only that, but everywhere higher salaries than in 1914 are being drawn, and there are more men to do the work. Before the war, there was one Secretary to the Admiralty (£2,000 a year) and one Assistant Secretary (£1,500). Now these two have become four—a Secretary at £3,000, a Deputy Secretary at £2,200, a Principal Assistant Secretary at £1,700, and an Assistant Secretary at £1,500. We say nothing of a further item of eight bright young assistants at salaries ranging from £1,000 to £1,200 a year with bonuses.

The work which the Director of Ordnance accomplished in 1914 without, so far as we are aware, dying of the strain imposed, is now divided up between five new departments called respectively and (sometimes) respectfully, Ordnance, Armament Supply, Naval Department, Torpedoes and Mining, and Signals. Each department has its own Director, of course. Also its own host of Assistant Directors, Inspectors, Assistants and staffs, according to plan.

We are now told that the Admiralty Board have decided to replace civilian electrical engineers by Naval Torpedo Commanders. This will mean another big jump in salaries.

* * *

Another little item of interest is the news that third-grade clerks, averaging a salary of £4 a week, are being given first-class railway tickets when travelling on duty. There are not many employers who are so generous as to provide such luxurious travelling accommodation as this to the small fry in their offices.

These facts reveal that the Admiralty is becoming far too generous with other people's money. The substitution of Naval officers for civilians is not justified if it entails an increase in expenditure. Duplication of offices and secretarial posts must cease. It is said that "sailors don't care." But we would point out that civilians do. The Admiralty officials may find that the goose that lays the golden eggs is not quite so tame as they suppose.

FORGOTTEN NOBODIES

Hidden Tragedies of Holiday Time

ON the notice-board of a fashionable church not far from Long Acre there has been posted an announcement that special services are being held "for the nobodies who remain in London during August."

It is a pleasant thought that the welfare of the souls of tired toilers who are unable to take a holiday should receive special consideration during this month, but we have been wondering how many of the thousands of our readers who are among the fortunate somebodies who are happy at the seaside will give a thought to the hidden tragedies of holiday time which they have left behind.

Here is a story of one of the forgotten nobodies which should move their hearts to pity and cause them to loosen their purse-strings.

If a lifetime of honest toil renders a man worthy of consideration in his old age, this man is assuredly worthy, for he has worked ever since he was eight years of age, and he is now sixty-four. Since 1880 he has worked at his trade of packing-case maker in the City, and had established himself in a small business. When he was doing well he had a horse and trolley, but for the past few years trade has become slack and he has been obliged to sell his horse and pull his cases about on a hand-barrow.

This heavy work brought about a complete breakdown in health, and last May he was taken to hospital suffering from heart disease. When he left a few weeks ago he was warned that he must take things very quietly, and not exert himself, as he had been in a very critical condition.

He has since been staying with a married daughter who has paid his rent all the time he has been in hospital so that he might not be homeless when he came out. It has been a terrible struggle for her, for she has seven children under fourteen to support, and her husband has been out of work for a long time.

He is most anxious to be self-supporting, for he has never asked for charity or received a penny of parish relief, but if he again attempted to do the heavy work he has done for the last forty-three years it would probably prove fatal.

His only hope is to obtain a small stock of miscellaneous goods to sell again, as he has previously done as a side-line. For this purpose "The Greatest of These—" Fund is making a small grant which we hope will be supplemented by our readers.

We have to acknowledge with gratitude the receipt of a £10 bank of England note from a donor at Bolton who signs himself "Stonie." The money has been devoted to the provision of surgical appliances in a number of needy cases.

Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Mother," 8½d.; M. A. S., 1½d.; "Ealingite," 3d.; Mrs. R. G., 3½d.; A. and E., 1s.; "Dews," 6d.; "Jumbo," 6d.; "Poor Nurse," 6d.; "One Ninth," 6d.; "Welcome," 2d.; Q. E. D., 5d.; "Stratford," 2d.; J. P. P., 9d.; "Liverpool," 6d.; "Poor Tum," 9d.; "Magic Ninth from 21," 9d.; E. S. H., 1s.; "Chaff," 10d.; "Bullseer Ninth," 1s. 4½d.; "Unlucky," 1½d.; "Bulleteer," 1s. 5d.; "Yet Another," 6d.; "A Mother," 7d.; L. E., 1½d.; "Edenbridge," 4d.; "Woe Ninth," 8d.; M. O. A., 10d.; "J.B. Reader," 1½d.; "Yorkshire Lass," 6d.; F. B. (Barnwell), 1s. 1½d.; "Half I Have" (Newmarket), 2s.; "Old Soldier," 4d.; "Ninth" (Leeds), 3d.; "Despair," 5½d.; "Wellwisher," 7d.; S. A. W., 3s.; "One Hundred and Sixty-two," 1s. 6d.; "Little Housekeeper," 1s.; "Glasgow," 2s.; "Bootle Reader's Ninth," 11d.; "Catford, S.E.6," 2s.; B. W. (Tooting), 2s. 7d.; W. S. (Sheffield), 1s. 1½d.; "Two Pals" (Darlington), 1s.; "Haggrod," 1s. 6½d.; "Old Cameronian," 2s.; "Unlucky Pumpherston," 1s.; F. J. M. J., 2½d.; H. J. (N. S.), 1s. 2d.; "Kay-Tee," 4d.; "Haythorpe," 6d.; "Fruitsalts" (Maldon), 8d.; E. C. T. (Pulborough), 1½d.; F. E. W., 6d.; L. H., 9d.; "Widow" (Dover), 4½d.; "From a Working Man," 4d.; "Ninth" (Belfast), 1s. 9d.; T. N. M. R., 6d.; "Out," 3½d.; L. F., 2s.; "Roydon Reader," 2s. 1½d.; L. W. E., 11d.; R. M., 2½d.; "Ballantrae," 2s.; M. J. F. (Darfield), 1s. 7½d.; "Little Ninth," 4s.; "My Ninth" (Edinburgh), 1s. 2d.; C. S. T., 3s. 6d.; "Little Sufferer," 2½d.; "Lubby and Hubby," 1s. 6d.; "661 Rochdale," 6d.; Anon., E. B. J., 2s. 6d.; A. A. Baird, 6s.; J. W., 5s.; M. Pilkington, 1s.; Yates, Ainsdale, 10s.; "Pyco," 6d.; "Ex-Tommy's Wife," 4d.; J., 1s.; "An Old Bulleteer," 9d.; "Eeh," 1s.; "A Ninth on the Rack" 1s. 3d.; A. Heart, 1s. 6½d.; Mrs. Cox, 2s. 3d.; "Wallop," 10s. 6d.; G. Robinson, 7d.; "Disabled Soldier and Wife," 3s. 4½d.; "Bruce," 1s. 3d.; "Old Man's Ninth," 3½d.; "Uplymer," 3s.; "Unemployed," 2s.; "Poor Hopes," 1s. 3d.; G. W., 2s.; "Thongsbridge," 1s. 1d.; "Bootstable," 1s. 6d.; "Castleton," 2½d.; L. E., 1s. 5½d.; "Styx," 1s. 1d.; "Hopeful," 1s.; F. E., 2s. 3d.; W. H. Hoare, 11s. 3d.; "For Little Girl," 9d.; "Unlucky Soldier," 1s. 6d.; "Unlucky Jim," 8½d.; "Despair's First Ninth," 1s.; "Belfast," 5s. 4d.; "Meadow," 4d.; L. Grimble, 6d.; "Seaforth's Ninth," 5d.; "Owd Fer," 2s.; "Disabled Out-of-work," 1s. 6d.; "Tommy's Ninth," 2s. 7d.; "Ninth" (Ratcliffe-on-Soar), 4s.; R. F., 1s.; "Hopeful," 7d.; "Edith Ruth's Ninth," 3d.; "A Ninth," 2s. 3d.; "Hopeful," 6d.; "Duggan's Ninth," 1s. 6d.; "Tubby," 6d.; "Tutankhamen," 9d.; "Nine Next," 1s.; "Symp," 1s. 1½d.; "Beverley," 4½d.; L. B. H., 1s.; C. B., 2s. 6d.; "Wellwisher," 12s. 6d.; "Enos" (Alloa), 5s.; C. J. S., 2s. 3d.; "Struggler," 2½d.; "Lincoln," 1s. 2d.; "Bobby Boy," 5d.; E. M. R., 7½d.; "A Ninth" (S.W.), 1s.; J. T. C. G., 1s. 1d.; "Bew," 1s.; "Bee," 14s.; "One of the Ninth," 2s. 10d.; "A Single Ninth," 1s. 3d.; "Turnhouse," 1s.; "The Gem," 1s. 1½d.; "Bascok," 1s. 9d.; "Polly," 2s.; "Kezez," 1s. 1d.; F. R. S., 1s. 9d.; "Mother of Three," 2d.; A. E. L. (3), 1s. 9d.; "Pals' Striver's Ninth," 3d.; "Another Ninth," 2s. 3d.; "Struggler," 3d.; "Ninth" (Bristol), 6d.; "Anglo-Indian," 2s. 9d.; "Also Ran," 1s. 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 496.

BRITAIN'S POLICY	IN HARMONY
AFTER THE STORM	AT THE SEASIDE
PARIS MODES	AMATEUR BOXING
ALONE	FASHIONABLE
HOLIDAY THOUGHTS	LAST DRINK
LIVELY COMPANY	PAST LESSONS
WIFE AND CHILDREN	WHEN SHE STARTS
SMALL TRADER	WORTH FOLLOWING
HOMEWARD BOUND	PAID OUT
SWIMMING	MOST ROMANTIC

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupon on page 27, and must reach us on or before THIS DAY, AUGUST 22. All Coupons so used must be marked clearly with the number 496 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 496, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 496.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 491.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:
Mrs. R. SHEPHARD,
48, Gower Street, London, W.C.
Example:—A NOVELTY
Bullet:—EX-SOLDIER SELLING IT ISN'T.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:
Mrs. R. TROTT, 62, Edward Street, Hunstanton.
Example:—NICE AND WARM
Bullet:—LAWYER COULD PROVE ICEBERG.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:
Mr. WILLIAM ASHTON, 1, Central Parade, East Finchley.
Example:—WHEN ROSS LEAVES
Bullet:—OFF, UNION DOESN'T ENQUIRE.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mrs EDITH H. COBLEY, 10, Clarkson Street, Glossop Road, Sheffield.
UNSETTLED—IDEAS, BEAT SETTLED PREJUDICES.
JOSEPH WOODROFFE, 6, Silverton Road, Smethwick, Staffs.
FLAPPER'S IDEA—OF TWINS—IS CYLINDERS.
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
JAMES F. GLOVER, "Allendale," Osborne Road, Stockton-on-Tees.
WISH PLEASURE—PRINCE WOULD GO HATLESS.
W. H. WHATTON, 202, Alfreton Road, Nottingham:
BREAKING AWAY—FROM WORLD—TAKING VEIL.
S. J. PASCOE, 15, Wood's Terrace, Merton, Co. Durham:
COUNTRY LIFE—BROKEN BY OCCASIONAL SESSION.
E. J. BENNETT, 28, Castle Road, New Brighton:
NICE AND WARM—SEAT—THEN "MOVED UP."
J. STEEL, 83, Moore Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne:
OUTSIDE—BAYONETS WON'T KEEP AEROPLANES.
EDWARD MARTIN, 47, Chatsworth Avenue, Merton Park, Surrey.
OUTSIDE—OLD ENVELOPE, JUDGE'S WILL.
G. WHARTON, 5, George Street, Thornhill Lees, Dewsbury, Yorks:
OUR DANGER—SCIENCE DECREASING—AND INCREASING.
Miss G. LEEDER, 117, Southtown Road, Gt. Yarmouth:
RIGHT ON TOP—AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER'S BEST SNAPSHOT.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

C. R. ROBSON, Front St., Glanton, Northumberland:
A FIGHTER—GUTTER HIS "LAST DITCH."
L. STOKES, 15, Exmore Avenue, S. Norwood, S.E. 25:
DELICIOUS—SAME DISH, ANOTHER'S TABLE.
WILLIAM LEE, 293, Whit Lane, Pendleton, Manchester:
HER GAME—DISCOVERING WHETHER HE IS.
Mrs. E. SMITH, 227, Manningham Lane, Bradford:
FLAPPER'S IDEA—MILLIONAIRE—OR NEAREST OFFER.
STANLEY F. WILLIAMS, 31, Croft St., Preston, Lancs:
OUTSIDE—CHURCHES, PRAYERS EQUALLY ACCEPTABLE.
Mrs. G. GOWERS, c.o. Mrs. Lewis, 51, De Burgh Street, Cardiff:
NICE AND WARM—THE SEAT McKENNA NEEDS.
Miss LILY HASLER, 74, Shepperton Road, London, N.1:
MUCH ADMIRED—SCHOOLMASTER—IN LATER YEARS.
Miss IRENE WHATTON, 202, Alfreton Road, Radford, Nottingham:
BREAKING AWAY—NOT PROPERTY LANDLORD OCCUPIES.
P. DRISCOLL, 16, Frederick Road, Walworth, London, S.E.:
OUT OF STEP—INTO GALLOP—AERIAL EXPANSION.
C. HOLDEN, 18, Markham Square, Chelsea, S.W. 3:
FLAPPER'S IDEA—LEAVING HER ELDERS "STANDING."

100 Prize-winners of £1:

W. Aston, 16, Bennett's Hill, Birmingham; G. Bonell, 61, Avenue Rd., Westcliff-on-Sea; H. Bebbington, 190a, Upper Mann St., Liverpool; Mrs. G. Beeton, 92, Berkeley Rd., Bishopston, Bristol; E. Barfield, 28, The Terrace, Bleasby, nr. Mansfield; Mrs. F. Bell, Elm Cottages, Haverfordwest; Mrs. M. Black, c.o. Johnson, "Ferndale," King Edwards Rd., Walderslade; J. E. Blakeley, 16, Richmond St., Walsall; R. Botting, 27, Trenfillian Rd., Brockley, S.E.; R. D. Brown, 18, Britannia Rd., Easton, Bristol; W. R. Brookfield, 12, The Arcade, Lancaster; Miss H. Bunbury, Bank Top House, Holmbridge, nr. Huddersfield; Mrs. Christian, "Tynedale," Peterborough Rd., Leyton; Mrs. M. Colbrecher, 19, Douglas Rd., Tonbridge; H. J. Clark, 102, Blinco Grove, Cambridge; D. J. Colter, 4, Richmond Place, Rathmines, Dublin; E. J. Coombe, 67, Crescent Rd., Dulwich, Cheltenham; R. R. Cormack, 1, Rosebery Place, Clydebank; W. Crosse, Braidwood, Carluke, N.B.; E. Cunningham, 15, Brynhyfryd St., Penydarren, Merthyr Tydfil; J. J. Curtis, 2, Parkeston Villas, Cliff Rd., Dovercourt; Mrs. J. Dalby, 132, Tudor Rd., Leicester; J. Davies, The Gardens, Post-meish-vaughan, Glam.; A. J. Davis, Badby, nr. Daventry, Northants; O. E. Dixon, P.O. Gordon Rd., Wellingborough; Mrs. M. Durber, 51, Alexandra Crescent, Scarborough; Miss R. Edwards, 21, Highbury Park, London, N.; W. Elliott, 61, Argyle Rd., Holloway, N.; W. Farrell, Tailor, Head House, Milton Bridge, N.B.; W. H. Fell, 11, Hinsley Street, Preston, Lancs.; E. H. Fish, 24, South Parade, Doncaster; H. Hemings, 31, Station Terrace, Abbey Village, Lancs.; J. Fuller, The Manor Cottage, Sonning-on-Thames; Miss E. Fuller, c.o. Mrs. Newbury, "London," Southcote Rd., Bournemouth; Mrs. J. Gardner, 88, Commercial St., Consett, Durham; E. Gosport, 17, Queen's Park Rd., Brighton; W. Gough, 12, Groves Street Rd., Swindon; J. Gravatt, Station Rd., Hawkhurst, Kent; W. F. Gray, 4, Addison Crescent, Oxford; A. E. Green, 45, Charlotte St., Devonport; J. Gower, 2, Ward St., James's St., Wolverhampton; R. J. Hales, Mowsley Park, Dorking; J. H. Hambley, 12, Blenheim Rd., Gloucester; H. W. Harries, 3, dead St., Haverfordwest; Mrs. F. Hartwell, Lansdowne, Burton-on-the-Water; T. Heathcote, 6, Eastville, Yeovil, Som.; J. Holmes, 21, Princes St., Stow, Haworth, nr. Keighley; Miss J. Hughes, 144, Morley St., S.E.; Helena; A. F. Johnson, 2, Preston Av., Southall, St. George's, Salop; S. Jones, 55, Courtney St., Manselton, Swansea;

(Continued in next Column.)

(Continued from previous column.)

W. Jubb, 18, Kirk St., Doncaster; W. J. Ladd, Abbey St., Farnham, Surrey; G. Lawrence, 2, Fleetwood Lane, Marlborough, Wilts.; W. Lee, 28, Vicarage Rd., Southville, Bristol; Mrs. R. Lockhart, 5, Wilson St., Workington, Cumb.; Miss F. Logan, 1113, Middleton Rd., Chadderton, Oldham; F. L. Logan, 30, Waterside St., Kilmarnock; J. W. Marshall, 28, Hartbourne Terrace, Boston Deeval; A. McGill, 11, Weston Rd., Southend-on-Sea; A. E. McGraith, 9, St. George Terrace, Redbourne St., Hull; D. R. Morgan, 81, Cathedral St., Cardiff; R. Myerscough, 16, Stratford St., Wigan; J. F. Newall, 63, Cobbold Rd., Willesden; E. A. Offord, 5, Shrubbery Av., Shoeburyness; J. Oliver, 7, Miller St., Innerleithen, Peeblesshire; W. G. Panther, Pinedon St., Burton Latimer, Northants; Mrs. M. Perrett, 20, Adelaide Rd., Chiswick; A. E. Rampton, 231, Cardigan Lane, Headingley, Leeds; W. H. Read, 202, Alfreton Rd., Nottingham; I. S. Robertson, Ravelside Glen, by Huntly, N.B.; E. Robinson, 29, New Southsea St., Pudsey; W. Roy, 58, Milltown, Dundee; E. Rundle, 62, Harwell St., Plymouth; Mrs. O. Russell, 96, North Stoneham Rd., Eastleigh, Southampton; Mrs. E. Salmon, 11, Regents Place, Ashford, Kent; A. R. Sarton, 21, Hopton Rd., Rhayader, Radnorshire; Mrs. Scott, Tynecroft, Wilton Rd., Bromley Common; Miss E. Shackle, 6, Fleetwood Road, Rhyl; Miss M. Shackle, 6, Fleetwood Road, Rhyl; Miss M. Shackle, 6, Fleetwood Avenue, Warrington; A. Slade, 68, Queens Rd., Carshalton, Surrey; G. Smith, 14, Ward, Pendeford Hospital, Cheltenham; C. R. Smedley, Market Square, Rochford; H. P. Sonnebend, 21, Clevehill Gardens, Rochford; Miss Stanton, 18, William St., Rhyl, Rhuddlan; Miss Stanton, 18, William St., Rhyl, Rhuddlan; Mrs. A. Stephens, Pine Cottage, Hanham, Bristol; W. Stewart, 84, Lesmahagow Rd., Hamiltonhill, Glasgow; J. E. Stott, 4, Albert St., Whitstable; A. Strudwick, 29, High St., Hodderington; R. Sutherland, 8, Grosvenor Parade, Harrogate; W. R. Tebb, 74, Green Victoria St., The Mount, York; Miss M. Trumper, 1, Verulam Place, Bournemouth; H. W. Turner, 1, Verulam Place, Bournemouth; J. E. Walker, 121, Handsworth Rd., Chapeltown, Sheffield; J. Walker, 68, Nottingham Rd., Nottingham; A. E. Warwick, 9, Orchard Sleigh, Highworth, nr. Swindon; Mrs. J. Wilson, 11, Bowness Rd., E. Blackpool; R. E. Wilkinson, The Lodge, D.M.H., Knaresborough; E. Wood, 3, Verulam Rd., Hatfield, Herts; Mrs. H. Worthington, 1, King St., Ecclesfield, Sheffield; L. A. Wright, 24, Fisher St., Willenhall; J. Young, 1196, Dumbarton Rd., Whiteinch, Glasgow; C. E. Young, Antonys, Pinner.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 493.

POINCARÉ
HIGH AND MIGHTY
HOLIDAY PROBLEM
CLOSED
GOOD LEAD
MORE THAN ENOUGH
FAIR COMMENT
WHAT I MISS
OLD COMPLAINT
WHEN CONVENIENT
VALUABLE
LET IN
SWEET SIMPLICITY
IN THE DISTANCE
HER DRESS
MY SHARE
THE RIGHT SHOP
LIKE LIGHTNING
COMING DOWN
AT THE CROSS ROADS
REST CURE
WHAT'S LEFT
DRIFTING APART
SEASIDE FUN
AFTER THE SHOW
WELL MATCHED
SOUNDS BAD
IN THE CITY
WHERE LOVE IS
LONG INTERVAL
HAPPY EVENT
AMONG THE BATHERS

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.
Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—OUR BABY *Bullet*:—AND FRANCE'S GIANT—AVIATION. *Example*:—YOUNG MOTHER *Bullet*:—FINDS "KEEPING YOUNG" DIFFICULT. *Example*:—RISKY MOVE *Bullet*:—SECRET SOCIETY ADMITS WOMAN. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

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No.—— Closing Date, Thursday, August 16.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(493) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

No.—— Closing Date, Thursday, August 16.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(493) P.O. No.
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Signed
Address

No.—— Closing Date, Thursday, Aug. 9: 16.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
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Signed
Address

No.—— Closing Date, Thursday, Aug. 9: 16.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(493) P.O. No.
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"Bullets" Rules and selection of Examples for Competition No 494 will be found on page 23.

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